

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

Magazine Section of the *Evening Sunday Advertiser*.
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Sunday, July 2, 1933



Cupids by Henry Clive
Verses by Carolyn Wells

No. 4—Egyptian

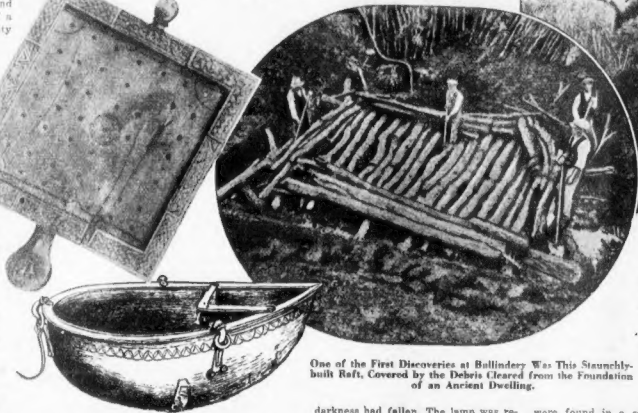
The Egyptian was fair as Aurora;
But no man was good enough for her,
Till Cupid's gold dart
Found her hard little heart,
And she married her richest adorer.

Ancient Ruins of Lake-Dwellers' Largest City Unearthed in Ireland

ARCHEOLOGISTS from Harvard University, after several years of patient digging, have unearthed in central Ireland the ruins and relics of a Bronze Age community that flourished 35 centuries ago and probably was occupied as late as the ninth or tenth century.

For some reason, probably for partial protection against invaders, the ancient ancestors of the modern Irishmen who lived in this long lost settlement, built their town in the middle of a lake, on a platform of logs. On this platform they erected one big, crudely constructed building—a sort of community house—which they surrounded with a high palisade of log stakes, much like the log fences that American pioneers put around their block-houses.

On one side of the community house the scientists found remains of a good-sized wharf where the boats of the lake dwellers were kept for their frequent hunting expeditions to the mainland. Amid the ruins of this landing place one of the diggers



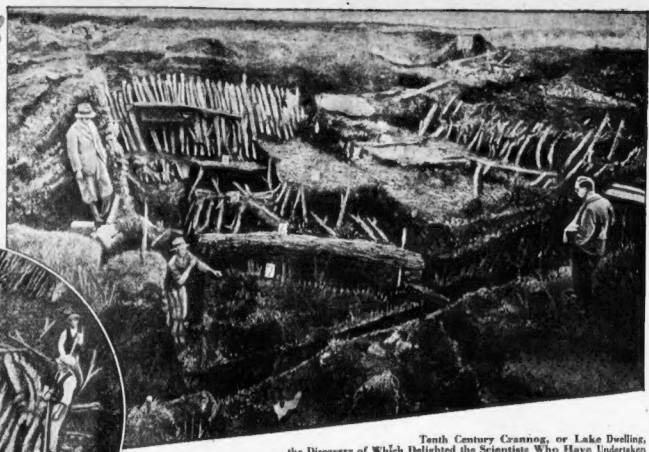
Above—Gaming Board Dug Up From the Ancient Site, and an Archaeologist's Drawing of One of the "Boat" Lamps Used by the Lake Dwellers.

One of the First Discoveries at Ballinacorney Was This Staunchly-Built Raft, Covered by the Debris Cleared from the Foundation of an Ancient Dwelling.

darkness had fallen. The lamp was remarkably made for its time and revealed, in the three animal heads with which it was decorated, that the ancient lake dwellers had not neglected the arts in the midst of their dangerous mode of life.

Such dwellings as that brought to light by the American archeologists are called crannogs, and this one, located at Ballinacorney, County Westmeath, is the most complete ruin of its kind yet discovered on the Emerald Isle.

Besides the building and the wharf, the diggers found a burial ground with the remains of 43 one-time citizens of what is now



The Discovery of Which Delighted the Scientists Who Have Undertaken a Five-Year Program of Excavating in Ireland.

the Irish Free State. With the bones and dust of the departed lake-dwellers were bits of pottery, implements of stone and dagger of bronze, with which these ancient men used to fight beasts and men.

Many track-loads of bones were found in a sort of community dump. Among these were the bones of horses, deer, wild boars, sheep and goats. And not far from these relics the scientists discovered such other interesting evidences of an ancient civilization as wooden tubs, barrels,

knives, axes and pins made of bronze. In addition to these things the site of the old town yielded the remains of dug-out canoes, paddles to propel these boats and stones for grinding grain.

That the lake-dwellers at times came to grips with Viking invaders was indicated by the discovery of a Viking sword and an ancient gaming board much like similar objects on view in Scandinavian museums. This game was played with pips, 49 of them, and it was made by some painstaking artist, who made one handle of the board in the likeness of a human head, and patterned the other handle after the head of some animal.

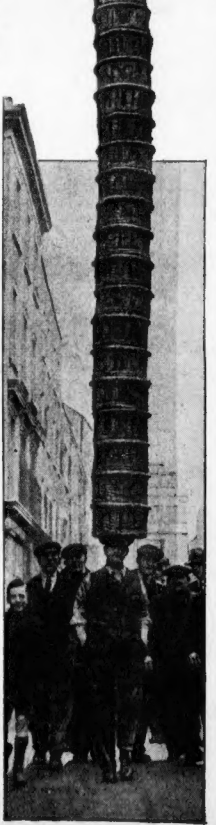
The excavations, which have added a new chapter to Irish history, will be continued until all the interesting relics of the old town-in-a-lake are recovered.

The Champion of Basket Hoisters

EVERY year hundreds of curious spectators gather in London's famous Covent Garden Market to watch the porters in that open-air bazaar indulge in the typically British sport of basket hoisting.

For 17 years now the annual championship has been successfully defended by one Jim Sainbury, a stocky fellow of 60, who is shown in the photograph walking blithely along with 20 of the wicker containers balanced precariously, but surely, on top of his gray head.

A novice at the pastime would find it impossible to walk with half a dozen of the baskets on his head.



Jimmy Sainbury, the Covent Garden, London, Champion of Basket Hoisters, Who Has Retained the Title Annually for Seventeen Years. He is 60 Years Old.

"Mermaids" Swarm Beach

THE mariners of ancient times were forever returning home from long voyages with convincing tales of monstrous sea serpents and indescribably beautiful mermaids who disported themselves in schools, like porpoises, and basked on the beaches to sing siren songs and comb their sea-green hair.

Few moderns believe that the Mediterranean, or any other sea, ever held so much as one of these delightful hybrids, half woman and half fish, but there are several thousand Americans who can truthfully report that they have, with their own ears, seen a whole flock of mermaids.

These daughters of the God of the Sea made their appearance the other day in waves off Long Beach, California, in a water carnival appropriately called "Neptune's Extravaganza," and some of them were as good to look upon as the legendary sea maidens must have been in the over-active imaginations of the sailors who, long ago, put to sea in the galleys of Rome and Athens and Carthage.

A few of the mermaids that brightened the blue waters of the Pacific for the amusement of the citizens of Long Beach and several hundred tourists are shown in the pictures at the right and below. And one of the photographs depicts the actual capture of one of these dainty daughters of Neptune in a net handled by a heavy Twentieth Century bathing machine.

In the course of the celebration there was considerable consorting between the mermaids and the spectators, and the landlubbers experienced no difficulty in talking with the sirens of the sea. As a matter of fact, several of Neptune's girls frankly admitted that they were new at the job of being a cross between a human being and a fish and that swimming with a tail and a flipper is a strenuous maneuver that puts something of a strain on the arms. They were glad when it came time to shed their fish bodies for pairs of curls, and shapely legs.



A Group of Pretty "Mermaids" Wearing Their Artistically Made Costumes, Which Do Not Allow Them Much Room for Gambolling About the Beach.



The Young Women in the Net Were the First "Mermaids" to Be Selected at Long Beach, California.

"Clothes-Lines" Used to Smuggle Liquor

A LARGE percentage of the liquor which is smuggled into the United States from Mexico is brought across the Rio Grande via the "clothes-line route." This unique system of importing forbidden beverages from the Southern Republic was originated only a short time ago, when customs officials along the border were ordered to increase their vigilance, with the result that it became virtually impossible to smuggle so much as a bottle of contraband across any of the several international bridges in an automobile.

The "clothes-line route" was first conceived by two Nuevo Laredo saloon-keepers, who desired to establish and maintain dependable delivery service to Americans residing just across the Rio Grande in Laredo, Texas. These ingenious individuals rigged an endless rope stretching from one shore of the river to the other—a cable operated by pulleys on the order of the ordinary backyard variety of clothes-line. For many months they outsmarted the customs officers by attaching cases of liquor to the rope, and propelling them across the water into the United States without themselves venturing from

Mexican soil. Thus, even if their system was detected by American police, the smugglers would at no time be in danger of arrest. There are at present, it is said, dozens of such "clothes-lines" spanning the Rio Grande between Corpus Christi and El Paso, Texas.

Another ingenious method of entrapping smugglers is that of loading several cases of liquor on the back of a mare whose foal has already been conducted to the American side. When the mare is released on the Mexican shore she immediately wades across the river to rejoin her youngster, carrying the contraband with her.

300 Leaped Into The Volcano

**Japanese Government Dismayed at
the Astonishing
Epidemic of Suicides
Which Has Drawn
Thousands of Young
Men and Girls to the
Seething Crater of
Mihara**

Miss Kiroko Matsumoto, 21-Year-Old School Girl, Who Followed
Her Friend, Miko, Into the Volcano.

TOKYO, Japan, June 19. THE Japanese nation has been startled by an extraordinary series of suicides of Japanese boys and girls who have leaped into the seething crater of Mihara volcano, on the small isolated island of Oshima, 60 miles off the beautiful bay of Tokio. Fifty persons who have leaped into the smoking pit since January 1 are known by name and address to the police, but many, many more have plunged to death among the smoke and fumes, to an estimated total number of 300 in the last five months.

Like some weird mental disease, a craze for self-inflicted death in this volcano has swept the ranks of Japan's disappointed persons. Two youthful Tokio school-girls, Miko Ueki and Kiyoko Matsumoto, leaped into the crater early this year and started the suicide craze. Since then, thousands of people have come to the island, drawn by some mystic force, but most of them have been turned back by the police before they were able to end their lives in the unfathomable smoking depths. In one day alone, on May 8, six persons succeeded in making the fatal plunge in the presence of eye witnesses. Those whom the police have succeeded in stopping were arrested and lodged at the Oshima police station, the extent of the suicide craze may be judged when it is stated that during the months of April and May, there less than 20 would be held in the cells. There seems to be a strange hypnotic power which compels people to the rim of the crater. A few weeks ago one of the school teachers at the rim of the volcano leaped into the smoking pit, and cried out that the "Mikoto" was here. He was the first to be plunged head-first into the seething lava. Since then, it has dared anyone to follow him.

Today constitute serious social problems. The newspapers are giving to the matter, and men, one of the leading scientists announced plans for a scientific expedition for the purpose of finding out about the matter, but the bodies of the victims are not pit of the volcano.

wards in the form of smoke, thus leaving no tangible evidence or physical trace of the suicides behind. One of the principal reasons why Mihara suddenly grew in "popularity" as a suicide spot, it should be stated, was the belief that, combined with the magnificent beauty of Oshima, which it commands, those who plunged into the volcano would never again be found.

Discussing plans for the expedition to explore the crater, Mr. Mitsuo Miyazaki, city editor of the Yomiuri, who is in charge of the publicity, told The American Weekly details of the unusual newspaper enterprise. The main purpose of the expedition, he said, would be to endeavor to shatter the theory that the bodies of suicides are cremated in the crater and thus put an end, once and for all, to the Mihara suicide craze.

"To beautifully death and make it a dream," said Mr. Miyazaki, "is the desire of all Japanese suicides. That is why they select such spots as the Kegon Falls in Nikko, the bench at Kamakura and the craters of Asama, Aso and Mihara, all of which are famous for their magnificent beauty. What we desire to prove is that there is nothing beautiful in plunging into the pit of Mihara. In fact, we wish to bring up evidence that the bodies of the victims do not vanish into the smoke as the suicides believe and hope, but remain rotting on ledges of the crater. "We desire to prove that as a result of numerous suicides in recent months the ledges in the crater are as filthy and full of stench as was Tokyo at the time of the great earthquake in 1923 when dead human bodies were strewn everywhere on the streets; that death is gruesome and not beautiful. "Moreover, it is our wish to prove that there can be no eternal peace in having one's body lie among other corpses in a crater foul with poisonous gases and hot enough to make one feel he is in Hades rather than in Heaven. Finally, we wish to prove that death in Mihara's crater is not instantaneous and painless, but that many of the victims writhed in pain and agony from bodily injuries and poisonous gases for hours before being engulfed."

It was on January 7, this year, that Miko Ueki, 24, and her school chum, Masako Tomita, 21, both of the Jissen Girls Higher School, one of the most exclusive institutions of learning in Tokio, sealed Mt. Mihara. There-

Photograph of the Crater of Mihara on the Japanese Island Oshima, in the Bay of Tokio.



Miss Miko Ueki, of the Jissen Girls High School at Tokio, Who Started the Suicide Epidemic by Plunging Into the Volcano.

after, penning a beautiful poem, Miko bade farewell to Masako. She confessed that ever since visiting the island the year previous, she was awed by the magnificent beauty of Mihara and wanted to hurl her body into its smoldering pit and vanish forever from this earth in the smoke which issued from the crater.

Masako was dumbfounded at the strange and altogether unexpected behavior of her chum and at first thought she was joking. Miko, however, was never more serious in her life, and all the pleadings of Masako were in vain. Finally Miko convinced her chum that, as her best friend, it was Masako's duty to let her seek eternal peace through death. Miko's last request, just before she vanished into the smoke-



Pilgrims Mounted on Their Donkeys for the Rough Climb Up to the Top of the Volcano Mount Mihara.

ing pit, was that Masako keep her death a secret for five years. This Masako promised to do and it is in the breaking of this vow that a "jinx" was, some say, cast over the volcano.

Following her chum's suicide Masako returned to Tokio and for some time kept her promise to tell no one what happened on Mt. Mihara. But her conscience haunted her by day and by night until she finally broke down. So one day she confided her secret to another chum, Kiyoko Matsumoto, 21 years old and also of the Jissen Girls Higher School.

Masako's account of Miko's death cast a strange spell on Kiyoko and no sooner did she hear the sad story of Miko's death plunge, than she expressed a desire to follow her dead companion to the paradise beyond. She insisted that Masako act as her guide to Mt. Mihara just as she did in the case of Miko. Failing this, Kiyoko threatened to tell everyone the secret. The frightened school girl was in a quandary. Finally, she decided to let Kiyoko die and, on February 12, the two climbed Mihara. Only Masako made the return trip.

Since the First of This Year Thousands of Young Japanese Boys and Girls Have Made a Pilgrimage to the Island of Oshima, Near Tokio, and in Spite of the Numbers Which the Police Have Seized at the Edge of the Crater, It is Estimated That Three Hundred Have Slid the Authorities and Have Cast Themselves Into the Smoking Pit.

On her way back to Tokio, however, Masako was questioned by the police because of her strange behavior and the fact that villagers remembered seeing two girls scale Mihara but only one descend. It did not take the police long to force a complete confession from Masako, and her story was of such startling nature that the newspapers gave it wide publicity. Each day police officials and newspapermen hounded Masako for more details until she grew seriously ill. She died early in May, hopelessly deranged in mind.

What caused the present suicide craze at Mihara more than anything else, perhaps, was the fact that writers imbued with Japanese philosophy wrote such ecstatic accounts of the deaths of the two young school girls as to cause other young people to emulate their example. Investigation has revealed that the majority of recent cases of suicides have been caused by the parties having been led to regard this form of death as romantic and worthy of imitating.

What is the Japanese theory of life which sponsors this sad drama? A trip to the far, far away land of eternal bliss, there to live in ceaseless ecstasy, unmolested by petty jealousy and world cares, is, in its crude and simple form, the ideal of Japanese suicides. Death, in other words, is regarded merely as a gateway which leads to paradise.

However many have succeeded in ending their lives in the crater, the police claim credit for actually stopping hundreds of people as they were in the act of committing suicide. The police of Oshima have been in a state bordering on panic because they were held largely responsible for not being able to check the strange suicide craze. The chief-of-police of the island sent a plea to Tokio for help, and early in May the Metropolitan Board of Police in Tokio sent a dozen additional policemen to the island, specially instructed to devote themselves to preventing suicides. But this is a difficult task, for the circumference of the crater is so great that it will take hundreds of men to keep all trespassers away.

It was late last year that Oshima, which all Japanese have heard of, but few ever visited, came for the first time to be widely associated with beautiful thoughts and magnificent landscapes when it was included among the 12 national parks of the country.

Besides its present fame as one of the beauty spots of the Empire, Oshima also can lay claim to being a masculine Utopia. There are any number of industrious women who work to support their idle husbands. Known also as the land of the camella, the island is famous for its camella oil, which is regarded as a wonderful hair restorer. The women of Oshima are famous for their long and beautiful ebony tresses, and it is no exaggeration to say that practically all of the women on the island possess hair several feet in length.

Attesting the fact that the islanders were a happy and contented lot up to the time of the suicide craze, there were only five policemen on the whole island of more than 3,000 households until February.

In regard to the proposed scientific expedition to Oshima, Dr. Shiro Yamada, chief of the Yomiuri's clinic, who conducted the medical examinations of the monkeys and marmosets lowered into the volcano, declares that there undoubtedly are a considerable amount of poisonous properties in the crater and some likelihood of radium. Both the monkeys and marmosets sustained serious physical deformities as a result of being lowered into the pit. The monkeys were violently mad within the cages. One of the marmosets died shortly after being raised from the crater. Upon dissection of the creature's body it was found that its trachea and lungs were congested and there was bleeding in several places. Accordingly, said Dr. Yamada, great care must be taken to see that the masks to be worn by the Yomiuri men do not leak.

Another scientist, Dr. Seizo Nakamura, who has studied conditions on Mt. Mihara since 1948, declares that the proposed expedition is likely to be of considerable importance from a scientific point of view. However, it may also be significant from a moral standpoint, especially if it is successful, he feels.

"Recently," he said, "people have flocked to Mihara to commit suicide in the belief that their bodies would vanish forever. If the belief of these poor people can be shattered and the pitiful condition of the bodies of the hundreds of suicides revealed in their true condition, rotting on the ledge in the crater, people will soon convince themselves that the mountain possesses no mystic power and this, undoubtedly, will put an end to the suicide craze."

A Modern Romeo and Juliet Romance

BORDIGHERA, Italy.
MONA MORGAN, the young American girl who distinguished herself as a Shakespearean authority and the youngest Juliet on the stage since Mary Anderson, has herself found her Romeo. Miss Morgan recently became the bride here of Mr. Henry Haars, the well-known artist, and the story of the romance is perhaps best told in Miss Morgan's own words in a letter to one of her host of American friends:

"While visiting in Nice a friend who has a beautiful villa in Monte Carlo, nearby, asked me to come over and give a recital for charity in her home. At the dinner party in her villa before my appearance before her guests, I met and sat next to a distinguished looking young man, who had evidently not caught my name. During the dinner he turned to me and said:

"I wonder which one of the guests tonight is going to give the recital. I think I'll go home. Shakespeare is so high-brow, it's sure to be a bore."

"Having arrived rather early, I took the opportunity of asking my hostess about her guests. I felt sure they would all be most interesting people. She said, 'and among others, you will meet Mr. Henry Haars, a brilliant artist. His last exhibition caused quite a sensation. Landscapes and marine scenes. He does not care for modern art, being as good a draughtsman as he is a colorist.'"

"Remembering this description, and taking perhaps an unfair advantage through my knowledge of his own identity, I said:

"Artists are bores. I hate art, that is, except the modern kind. In fact, I think pictures all made of bores are the best, don't you? They call it cubism."

"My dinner companion froze. This exposition of ignorance, or, as he called it later, perverted taste, ruffled him, and he did not have the interest to look up and see the laughter in my eyes. I could see him think, 'Silly! She doesn't know who I am or she would never talk that way.' This is exactly what I thought when he said Shakespeare was high-brow."

"After a long pause, I turned again, and said in the most unassuming way, 'you think Romeo and Juliet is just grand?' His reply was short, 'Mum!' Mr. Haars expressed himself well in the American vernacular.



Entrance Hall of the "Romeo and Juliet" Home of Mr. and Mrs. Haars.

Miss Morgan and Her "Romeo," Mr. Henry Haars, the Well-Known Painter, at a Riviera Resort.

"It had not been my intention to give any scenes from the famous love story that night, but I altered my plans. I would show this young painter how nice some mush can be. The tiny stage that had been built in the drawing room for the occasion of my recital, seemed to lend itself to just such a romance. The guests gathered together and finally seated themselves. I took good care to be just beside Mr. Haars until the time of my appearance; I did not want him to escape and go home, as he had threatened to do."

"When everyone was seated, and I could delay no longer, I whispered to him, 'If you sit through this, I'll apologize about artists being bores.' His face was a study in astonishment as I rose to go on the platform. Needless to say he remained to hear me, and I could hear his artistic hands coming together in the loudest enthusiasm of all after I gave what I termed 'mush,' the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet."

"My hostess, who had heard me in recital many times before, little did she suspect the reason. I felt a new meaning in the three-act play, and all the audience faded out of my vision."

and I was living a real Juliet for a real Romeo. "In the play, the two lovers fell in love at first sight. I always believed this to be a bit too hasty to be life-like—sudden courtship were all right in plays; they could never happen in this work-a-day world. Yet, when I spoke the lines, 'My bounty is as boundless as the sea, my love as deep, the more I give to thee the more I have, for both are infinite'—the actual reality of a poetic love in my own life seemed to me at that moment a definite fact; I was reciting for one man only, in short, I was Juliet herself, pleading to be understood, and excusing the sudden haste of her love."

"The Montague and Capulet theme; the two noble rival families, that carried their feud to the point of murder, were not to enter into my own romance except very lightly. For, after the recital, Mr. Haars took both my hands and said, 'I take it all back, Shakespeare is not a bore.' And I retorted with 'and I am crazy about landscape and marine scenes, they are the only pictures in the world.'"

"Monte Carlo and Nice have been the background of great tragedies, but they have also been the scenes of great

joys and romances; the brilliant moonlight night, the soft native music, the wide stretch of a calm sea reflecting the stars provide an atmosphere which must live forever in the souls of those who love. Two months later we were married and spent our honeymoon in Italy. We have located a little house in a lovely garden. We have books and music and a studio where Mr. Haars can paint. He seldom goes there now, however, for he swears he would rather hear Shakespeare than be another Rembrandt, and as for me, I would rather act to an audience of ONE than receive the plaudits of all the world. Yes, we are very exclusive, very happy and very 'high-brow!'"

And so this modern Juliet met her Romeo. Mona Morgan has been co-star in Shakespearean plays with Julia Arthur, Walter Hampden, John E. Kellard and others, and is the first person to broadcast Shakespeare on the radio. She has lectured on her subject for the New York Board of Education, has addressed the University of London and is the author of "Will Shakespeare, the Great Catholic," "The Psychology in Shakespeare's Plays," "Shakespeare, Yesterday and Tomorrow," and other books.



Miss Mona Morgan, the Shakespearean Expert, in the Part of "Juliet."

The "Hanky" Bathing Suit Poor, Mistreated Heroines of London's Fire Department

THE beach at Chicago's Century of Progress exposition is a sort of out-of-door fashion salon where the newest modes of the shapely forms of fair bathers.

Back in the Gay Nineties, and for a decade or so after the turn of the century, feminine water wear was more modest than practical. Blouses came close about the neck, sleeves extended to the elbow and baggy bloomers "protected" the wearer from the roving eyes of the curious male. But times have changed, and so have bathing suits. The concealing blouses have given way to scanty tops. The full, long cantaloupe have crept up and up to become close-fitting "shorts" that make swimming more enjoyable and the wearers of such outfits much more artistic and interesting to the aforementioned roving eye.

The young woman in the photograph—which might well be titled: Back to Nature—is comfortably and modestly dressed in one of the more popular of the current styles in beach wear. For some reason the costume is called the "kerchief" model. Perhaps the name originated in the scantiness of the outfit, for certainly it has no more area than a good-sized handkerchief.

But it is said that the suit and the name were inspired by an ingenious young woman who fashioned a top for her swimming costume out of a big handkerchief, which she spread across her chest.

The "Kerchief" Model Bathing Suit, Which Has Proved Popular in the Early Days of the Chicago World's Fair Beach. It Is Notable for Its Brevity of Material About the Neck, in Order to Permit a Healthy Sun Tan.

THE brave fire laddies of the British capital, thanks to their overworked and abused "girls," are about the most efficient fire-fighting force in Europe. They spend many hours every working the "girls" down ladders and saving them from the different levels of their five-story training tower. They tote them in their arms and throw them over their shoulders. And there's never a word of protest or complaint out of the man-handled maids.

The "girls," as the photographs show, are not members of the human

race. They are dummies, the size and weight of flesh-and-blood people, so that the firemen can keep in constant practice for the rescue they are called upon to make in the course of their dangerous duties.

It was about twenty-five years ago that a London fire chief conceived the idea of using dummies in the maneuvers of the city's large and well-trained fire brigade. The idea came to him at a tenement blaze when some of the firemen had difficulty in getting trapped residents of the building out of the windows and down the ladders to safety.

Some of the city fathers thought the

idea of supplying every fire house with a dozen dummies was silly and an unnecessary expense, but the suggestion was eloquently argued by the fire chief and, within a month, bevy of the canvas-bodied "girls" were delivered to the department to begin their long careers of mistreatment.

Every recruit in the London Fire Brigade must, before he becomes a full-fledged member of the force, be able to toss a 125-pound "girl" over his shoulder and carry her down a fifty-foot ladder. And before he gets through with his preliminary training he must also be able to get to the top of the practice tower by hooking a portable ladder over one window sill after another and climbing up the perpendicular side of the structure. At the top he must fasten a long rope beneath the well-padded arms of one or more of the "girls" and lower them rapidly but gently to the ground.



Practice Tower From Which the Dummies Are "Rescued" Under Trying Circumstances.

A London Fire Brigade Drilling Competitively, and Using the Poor "Girls," as the Firemen Call the Dummies, for Rescue Rehearsals.

Depression? He Has Jobs

IRA NOBEL MATTHEW, of Glastonbury, Vermont, seems to have the distinction of being the opposite of the much-discussed "forgotten man." All during the depression he has been so busy that he hasn't had much time to worry about the unfortunate economic conditions that have affected millions of Americans, including some of his neighbors. It seems that Mr. Matthew is one of those energetic and efficient persons who just can't keep from doing things for himself and other people. At the moment he has ten separate and distinct jobs. Perhaps the most important of these jobs is that of representative to the State Legislature. Mr. Matthew takes this position seriously, feeling that, in these times, the men who make the laws should represent their constituents actively and ably.

Back in his native town he's a selectman—in large cities, this job is designated as alderman. Along with this administrative post, he carries the burden of his town's finances as treasurer, school director, town agent, health officer, overseer and fire warden. He has to take care of the extraordinary collection of jobs, he serves on the grand jury and is the community's "fixer," whatever that is.

Mr. Matthew does not, for all his activity, make a great deal of money because the salaries connected with his various jobs are small, in themselves, and in the aggregate. But he makes enough and he is not ambitious to amass a lot of money.

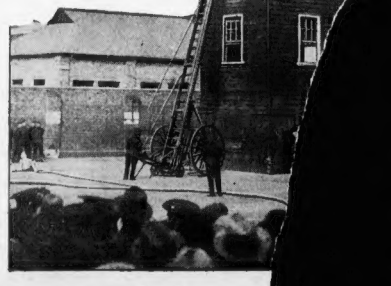
This energetic Vermont farmer has the old-fashioned philosophy that people are a lot happier, and get into much less trouble, if they have plenty to occupy them.

Farmer 110; His Plowboy Is 64

PAT RYAN is not one of the most prosperous farmers in the country around Holdenville, Oklahoma, but he is one of the most contented and, far and away, the oldest. He can prove that he was born in the Kentucky hills some 110 years ago and he remembers, as if it happened yesterday, the historic shower of shooting stars that happened in 1833 and convinced a lot of people that the world was coming to an end. The old farmer is not alone on his acres—he has a "boy" who goes by the simple name, Bill. Bill, a young-

ster compared to his boss, is in his sixty-fifth year.

Yet, and his "boy" Bill live together in a little mud-chinked cabin which is nothing to brag about, but which is plenty good enough for its satisfied occupants, neither of whom has the slightest interest in what they call "new fangled" ideas of tilling the soil. Ryan served in the Civil War, but he has never asked the Government for a pension because he has always been able to earn a decent living for himself. He has most of his teeth and he gazes on the peaceful little world about him with the best of his glasses. It is hard for him to believe that he is one of the oldest human beings alive.



Notorious Ruth Crammer's Latest Exploit

The Girl Accused of Shooting Senator Yates of New Jersey Enrolls at Columbia University, Enlists the Sympathy and Help of Professor Hoover, Manages to Get Herself Taken Into His Home and Then Brings Mysterious Charges Against Him--And Runs Away When They Insist That She Prove Them.



Photograph of the Bedroom of Ruth Crammer's Apartment at 201 West 29th Street, New York City, in a State of Disarray After the Shooting Party.

When the Police Rushed Into the "Love Nest" They Found Senator Yates With a Pistol Bullet in His Stomach and Ruth Crammer Fleeing Deceased.

It is dangerous business to help notorious persons, as Mr. and Mrs. Merle M. Hoover, instructors in the English Department of Columbia University, learned to their astonishment and dismay.

They had helped dozens of other students and thought it would be a kind and worthy deed to do so again for poor, struggling Ruth Crammer in her seemingly sincere efforts to live down her past.

Instead of thanks, the reward of this quiet and respectable couple was to find themselves thoroughly plastered and infected with that young woman's notoriety. It might well have ruined them.

When Ruth was finally released from jail where she had been held for the shooting of State Senator Roy T. Yates in their little "love-nest" apartment, she surprised everyone by entering Columbia as a meek and pathetic figure anxious to rehabilitate herself and earn an honest living as a writer.

Yates, his political career blighted by the episode, had to resign from the State Senate but when he came out of the hospital he gallantly refused to prosecute the woman, testifying at the hearing that he "did not notice who had shot him." And so there was nothing to do but release his little, blonde soul-mate.

Other politicians have had "love-nests" and arguments with their sweethearts, but it is unusual for sweethearts to have the last word and say it with bullets. Also it is quite customary for the shooting lady to smile at the law, wave good-bye to the police and consider the incident closed.

The unusual thing about Ruth was that, instead of looking for someone to feather another nest, she washed off some of the more sympathetic they became. She was not of the loose, sexy, vamp type, they thought, but rather cold; quite a respectable person with what Mr. Hoover describes as "a good social presence."

It is the custom at Columbia and many other colleges for professors and instructors to take into their homes an occasional student who seems unusually ambitious or otherwise worthy of help. Nobody could find this more than Ruth, faced with a long, discouraging climb, but was she worthy?

The Hoovers decided that she was, and had her as their guest in their Morning Drive apartment and their summer place at Cornwall. They say that the girl's department was exemplary and friends who visited them were much taken with her. The Hoovers had no expectations of being rewarded, at least in this world, for their kindness, but neither did they expect to be punished for it.

Roy T. Yates, Former State Senator in New Jersey, Who Had a Narrow Escape in the Shooting in Ruth's Apartment.

After two winter terms and one summer on the Hoovers were sorry to learn that Ruth was leaving the university. Though not brilliant she had been getting along very well by sheer hard work and they hoped that in time she might become a capable writer of some sort. Mr. and Mrs. Hoover wondered what the girl would do next. They were soon notified in a most unpleasant manner.

One day there came the following somewhat mysterious letter from a lawyer, Col. Lewis Landau:

Mr. Merle M. Hoover, 50 Morning Drive, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Miss Ruth Crammer has retained me to bring an action against you for breach of contract.

I suggest that you call at this office and confer with Mr. Goldin who is in charge of the matter.

Very truly yours, Lewis Landau.

Mr. Hoover was for running right over and asking what this alleged contract might be, but his wife thought the thing an omen that had better see their lawyer first. So he brought the letter to Edward V. Broderick, of 49 Wall Street. The lawyer read the letter with a grim smile.

"It looks like one of those things," he said. "Now tell me the absolute truth. Have you had intimate relations with this woman?"

The instructor assured him that he had not and that everything had been as proper and conventional as in the class room; also that Ruth had invited no advances.

A Studio Study of Ruth Crammer, the Attractive Blonde Who Was Arrested on a Charge of Shooting Senator Yates After a Drinking Party and Quarrel in Her Apartment.

yer cautioned him to search his memory carefully because if he denied it and then so much as one little note turned up in court, no matter how innocent, it would play havoc in case this was one of those "heart-balm" suits.

The danger was not so much that actual damages might be collected as the fatal injury to his professional reputation. Artists, actors and many sorts of business men are not greatly injured financially by scandal in the courts. But the faculty of a college must be without reproach. It would hardly do for young boys and girls to sit at the feet of professors whose private lives were not all they should be.

Not only must these teachers follow the straight and narrow path, but not let the world have any doubts about it. Otherwise their resignation will be asked and no other college of repute will want them. Therefore, if the girl had even the slightest scrap of seeming evidence to pin her suit to it would be prudent to settle out of court. The first thing was to find what the alleged contract was supposed to be and how much the lady wanted to square things.

Lawyer Broderick, therefore, called on Lawyer Landau to get this information. Mr. Broderick says:

"I inquired how much it would cost to settle this case, whatever it was. The girl's lawyer declined to mention any amount. They wanted to discuss the situation with Mr. Hoover privately, apparently."

"I did find out that there was supposed to be some deal between the teacher and Miss Crammer which the teacher hadn't lived up to. I was told that Mr. Hoover had written letters which might prove embarrassing."

"Banking on the word of my client that he had written no letters I told Miss Crammer's counsel that, if they would show me one letter—or a photostatic copy of a letter—Mr. Hoover had written her I would recommend a cash settlement, even if the letter said nothing more, damaging than 'Merry Christmas.' Her attorneys said they couldn't consider showing me the letters."

A few days later Ruth's lawyers informed Mr. Broderick that unless a satisfactory financial settlement could be arranged it would be necessary to bring suit. Ruth could not be found, but her attorneys expressed pain at the thought of the publicity which would be involved. Needless to say this pain was nothing compared with that of the Hoovers, but there is a limit at which even a college professor must stand his ground and fight and Mr. Broderick thought this was it. He stated that his client would risk his job rather than pay a dime.

Early in April of this year the storm of publicity burst in the form of an application for examination of Mr. Hoover in court before trial. Attached to it was an affidavit by Ruth and containing the first approach to anything definite about the alleged contract. This part read as follows:

"On or about November 1, 1931, the plaintiff entered into an oral agreement with the defendant wherein and whereby it was mutually agreed, among other things, that in consideration of the plaintiff's promise to destroy some letters addressed by the defendant to the plaintiff and which she had in her possession, and if the plaintiff would provide to force and further in her associations with her usual companions and give up the defendant the exclusive benefit of her social companionship,

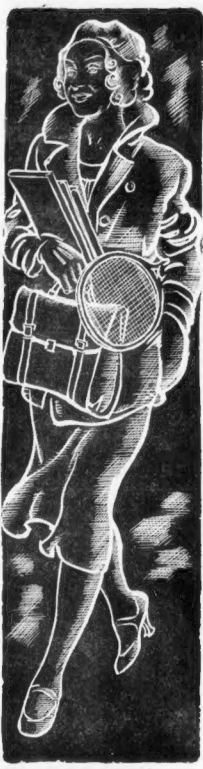
the defendant would defray the costs in connection with the plaintiff's further pursuit of her education at Columbia University. . . . pay such necessary sum of money for her maintenance and support which were commensurate with her standards of living, enable her to complete her educational career at said university and that he would obtain for the plaintiff a position at the university for which her educational training would qualify the plaintiff."

Miss Crammer asked that the court examine Mr. Hoover before trial and force him to bring with him an itemized statement of payments made to the plaintiff, and all check books, canceled checks and other books of accounts disclosing transactions between August 1, 1931 and April 1, 1932.

The plaintiff craved these things in advance of filing actual suit against her former instructor "on the ground that it is material and necessary for the plaintiff to have such an examination. . . . in order to secure information to frame her complaint."

This document publicly recorded in court plainly intimated a relationship between this married man and Ruth Crammer, his pupil, which, if true or even if it bore the faintest possibility of truth, would make it necessary for Columbia to throw him in, in disgrace. The situation would have been bad enough with an ordinary girl, but with the notorious Ruth Crammer, the publicity was greatly magnified by possession of "love nests," shooting and most any sort of lively excitement. Reporters and photographers swarmed about the offices of both lawyers and the Hoover residence, even letting go flashlights at night.

Still worse was the prospect of that



After the Senator Yates Affair Ruth Turned Over a New Leaf, Entered Columbia University and Won the Sympathy and Help of Professor Hoover--And Then Brought Her Mysterious Damage Suit Against Him.

preliminary court examination. In this, Ruth's lawyers could pry into Hoover's personal affairs, asking the most embarrassing questions, without their blonde client even being in court to be treated with questions by the defense.

But the Hoovers had been connected with the university for many years, their lives hounded to have their open books and fortunately nobody seems to have believed that anything was wrong, at least upon some evidence should be offered. This never was produced. The court refused the preliminary injunction. When the case came up for trial, Ruth's attorneys first secured a week's postponement and the second time let it go by default. How much that lady hoped to win, remains unknown. She did not get a cent, while the Hoovers retained their jobs and confidence of the university.

What Ruth could do in the way of fatal publicity for a married man, she had demonstrated at the expense of former State Senator Roy T. Yates. He had maintained her in a New York apartment at 30th Street for three years. Besides cash out of his own pocket he had been generous with the taxpayer's money, putting his soul-mate on the payroll of the Pension Review Committee for \$350, getting her railroad passes and other perquisites.

The New York police, summoned to the "love-nest," found Ruth partly clothed and partly in her nightgown, and the senator with a bullet in his abdomen but no hole in his clothes through which it could have entered. At the grand jury hearing both Ruth and Yates said that their minds were blank and could not remember any shooting or anything else. They blamed this bad memory to boot-

ing him. In jail she is said to have threatened to tell everything, in case she was exonerated. She was not prosecuted and told as little as possible but the country-wide publicity was enough to end the career of the young politician.

The Hoovers, knowing all this, let her go. It was an interesting problem for Columbia's psychology department.



Arched. Tubular. Fan. Circumflex. Roofed. Acorn. Angular. Triangular. Narrow. Oval. The Finger-Nails Are an Extension of the Skin of the Body and Take on Many Peculiar Shapes Which Are Believed by Some Medical Authorities to Indicate Personal Character and Bodily Ailment.

Personality Revealed by Your Skin

Dr. Ingram, Distinguished British Specialist, Points Out That No Two Skins Are Alike and That Temperament, Condition of Health and Emotional Instability Can Be Read in the Surface Covering of the Body

How Primitive Man Lost His Covering of Hair Which Produced the Three Races—White, Yellow and Black.



Science Is Not Quite Certain Why the Original Black Hairs Evolved Into the Delicate White Complexion and Blood Hair of Which the Late Lillian Russell Was a Good Example.

The Yellow Races Lost Their Hair Covering. Their Skin Thickened as a Partial Substitute for Hair and the Skin Became Heavier Than the Skin of Whites or Negroes.

One Group of Early Man Lost the Coat of Hair, but Transferred the Original Black Hair Pigment Into the Skin Itself, Thus Producing the Negro Type.

DR. JOHN T. INGRAM, distinguished British authority on the human skin, recently made an address before a medical society in England in which he revealed the remarkable fact that while the wrapper in which the human body is incased is one of the most important organs, and is right in front of the doctor's eye—yet surprisingly little attention has been given to it as compared with the heart and other organs, which no doctor can see. It has been left to criminologists, detectives, novelists and dramatists to make use of the knowledge written upon the human skin. And while doctors have neglected study of this organ for intensive study of organs which must be viewed through the mists of X-Ray screens and stethoscope tubes, the quick has not overlooked the opportunity to put on the market all sorts of fake remedies.

Dr. Ingram points out that in the human skin can be read not only the general condition of health, but the marks of many specific diseases, and even the temperament, emotional instability and personality of the wearer of the skin is revealed. The skin is the inheritance from earlier and lower creatures which were the ancestors of man. Far back at the beginning of the evolutionary development, the covering of the creature was its complete and only organ of sense. The skin told the primitive animal everything it was capable of feeling; not only did it provide the sense of touch, but it was able to distinguish things which were good or evil, and to recognize friend or foe. Even pleasures and pain, love and hate, all came to the surface of its body in the early forms of life.

As primitive creatures developed in the march of evolution, Dr. Ingram explains, a portion of the skin folded in and began to take over the function of nerves, but the intimate relationship between the skin and the nerves in the interior of the body persisted, and still persists in man today. That is why the skin, already an extension and part of the nerve system, becomes in mankind an extension of the mind and that is an essential part of the temperament and personality of the individual.

No two skins are exactly alike. Criminologists already have learned this about the ten small bits of skin on the tips of the fingers, which knowledge constitutes the science of identification by finger prints. If physicians and anthropologists knew enough about other parts of the skin of the body they probably could make identifications from these other skin characters also; and from the finger and creases and extensions of the skin. Veterinary surgeons, again, have formulated a system to identify cows and dogs by nose prints, and no doubt the same thing could be done for human noses or ears or tongues or any part of the outside wrapper (skin) nature has incased each human being.

The Greek word "derma" means skin. And thus the modern specialist on diseases of the skin is known as a dermatologist. In almost every family there is somebody who has, at least at times, some form of eczema. But there are said to be at least 600 kinds

of eczema, many of which itch, turn red, become scaly and make themselves visible and annoying in many different ways. In actual fact, there probably are thousands of kinds of this skin disease, at least so far as cause is concerned, for a great many of these annoying disorders are due to the special sensitivity of the victim to some quite ordinary substance which does not affect other human beings at all.

Eczema or related skin diseases may be caused by silk underwear, by dust on the skin and hair of a horse, by literally hundreds of kinds of plants, by printers' ink, by nickel coins or nickel bowls on spectacles and by thousands of other such everyday matters. The skilled dermatologist must be able to recognize each varied form of eczema and similar diseases and know what to do about it—as far as medical knowledge at present can guide him.

Families who have a young child or baby that suffers cruelly from eczema, one attack coming on almost as soon as a former attack has been relieved, may take comfort, however, from one fact: the creature was its complete and only organ of sense. The skin told the primitive animal everything it was capable of feeling; not only did it provide the sense of touch, but it was able to distinguish things which were good or evil, and to recognize friend or foe. Even pleasures and pain, love and hate, all came to the surface of its body in the early forms of life.

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Prehistoric Ancestors of Mankind Wore Scales on Their Skin Like Snakes. Gradually Man Has Shed His Scales and Has Finally Acquired a Beautiful Soft Skin. The Portrait Above Is a Photograph of Mrs. Henry, a French Actress, Said to Have the Most Beautiful Skin in the World and Known as "The Woman With the Alabaster Skin"—a Long Step in Refinement From the Scaly Skin of the Serpent.

So may the fingernails and toenails be of different colors and characters, also believed by many experts to be useful indications of character or of health. Three French experts, Doctors Zoeller, Noyer and Boide, have suggested the theory that the whitish or light pink half-moons usually seen at the inner ends of the fingernails may indicate the presence or absence of germ infections. In a person who had some germ disease, these half-moons of lighter color are said to disappear from all or most of the fingers, leaving visible only the two on the thumbnails. Other experts maintain, however, that this absence of the visible half-moons may occur in perfectly healthy individuals, as an indication of racial type or perhaps merely of personal peculiarity. Nevertheless, the coming or going of these half-moons may well be, in any one person, a valuable indication of good health or bad. Another French physician, Dr. Henri Mangin-Balthazard, has gone still farther in fingernail diagnosis and suggests meanings for nails of various shapes, as indicated by the diagrams reproduced on this page. Extremely short nails are supposed to indicate heart disease or nervous trouble; extremely long ones to suggest bodily weakness; bulging nails to point to lung or liver troubles; high vaulted or semicircular nails to kidney diseases, and so on.

The medical profession as a whole still is skeptical of these far-reaching conclusions, yet careful and long-continued observations at the Sanatorium in New York State do indicate that certain special shapes and characters of the fingernails are excellent indications of certain kinds of tuberculosis. Since the nails are so intimately related to the skin, it is probable that they, like it, are capable of indicating a great deal about the physiological or even the mental character of the individual who possesses them.

One of the skin signs of character suggested by Dr. Ingram in addition to the probability that a baby with eczema will grow up to be intelligent, is that baldness in young men, provided the baldness is not due to some definite disease such as a germ infection, also tends to show an intelligent, alert and earnest mind. The people who tend to be prematurely bald are said usually to belong to the fraction of the community which is trying to keep up with modern civilization and to control it, rather than to the majority of lazy individuals who merely

let themselves and everything drift. Dr. Ingram would not deny, however, the existence of many exceptions to this rule, so that people who do not happen to have become bald early in life need not necessarily consider themselves left out of the intellectual procession.

Another of Dr. Ingram's deductions from observation of skin is that people who tend to be unstable nervously frequently suffer from hives, flukes, ineffectual rashes and the like; including the kind of permanent flush called rosacea and typhoid by the familiar "red nose" of the habitual imbiber of too much alcohol. It is not improbable, indeed, that both this red nose and the craving for alcohol arise from the same underlying nervous instability, the alcoholic habit being caused by the emotional upsets to which Dr. Ingram believes that the people who easily get rashes are especially susceptible.

Dr. Barber suggests still another relation between a common skin sign and character. People with the greasy, oily and oily condition of the skin which doctors call seborrhea he believes are usually people who are lazier and more glutinous than they ought to be. They take too little exercise and eat too much, especially too much fat. The result is that the whole use and consumption of fat in the body is disturbed, the skin glands secrete too much fat and the wrong kinds of it and the disagreeable oily condition of the skin results. Many young girls who worry over her too-shiny nose and tries one kind after another of face powder or vanishing cream or other nostrum to cure it really is suffering from the effects of too much rich food around the house and too little exercise, rather than from anything really the matter with her long-suffering skin.

Some day when doctors have confirmed or corrected all these suggestions of character from the skin, men who want active and energetic wives may know that they must look for girls whose noses and foreheads do not get too shiny, while girls will know that when they want intelligence in a husband they should look for boys who already are beginning to get bald. Even now, the "seamy" skin of a new patient and has glanced at the face, the hair and the tongue, may have acquired "more valuable information than a laboratory will furnish in a month."

Putting German Women Back into the Kitchen

Hitler Government Discourages Higher Education or Athletics or a "Career" for Girls, Orders Them Out of Industrial Plants and Wants Them to Busy Themselves With the Cook Stove and Babies



Frog Jumping by the "Leaping Lena" Class of a Gymnasium in Hanover, Germany. But the Nazis Want Feminine Energy Put Into Housework Instead.



Fraulein Mollenhauer, of Hamburg, Making a Record Discus Throw of 131 Feet. Such Athletic Activities Into Which German Women Have Thrown Themselves With Great Enthusiasm Are Frowned Upon by Hitler.

From Clara Zetkin, the 82-Year-Old Communist Leader of the Reichstag, Who Has Been Suppressed by the Nazis.

SOME of the astonishing changes in Germany which the new Nazi Government has put into effect have already been told in these columns—the moves to rid the nation of Jews, and the taking over of the control of the church by putting in charge a reliable Hitlerite soldier in the place of the Council of Bishops. And now the Nazi reformers have gotten around to giving their attention to the women of Germany. Frau and Fraulein are to be taken out of business life, removed from the factories or private business enterprises, and put back into the kitchen.

The theory of the Hitlerites is that the place for woman is in the home. Unmarried women are to be encouraged to find husbands, and then busy themselves with the cook-stove, the raising of children and the care of the home. Women who are already married must give their attention to these things, and their daughters will be discouraged from higher education or an ambition to enter the professions.

Walter Darré, a confidant of Hitler, proposes that women shall be divided into four classes:

1. Those who shall breed leaders of the race.
2. Women of slightly lower type, who can breed good enough children.
3. Women who may marry, but must have no children.
4. Women who must not marry, but can do good work scrubbing floors and nursing children.

They are to be kept out of all public offices, out of industry and business, and will be discouraged in the learned professions and the field of athletics, as already stated.

The process has already begun, and the women have been excluded from Government employment and the Reichstag. Herr Hitler has even decreed that they shall not practice the nudist cult, which has attracted so many followers in Germany. He has also ordered that they shall not use lipstick or rouge.

Herr Hitler particularly insists on the women getting out of industry and business. He has issued a decree providing that "the employment field is to be relieved of women, who, in accordance with the National Socialist program, are to be led back into their own domain." Washing clothes and washing babies and industries most recommended for women.

In one place the decree specifies that the domain of women is "the family and the household."

Long ago the Kaiser said that woman's proper sphere was summed up in three words, "Children, kitchen and Church"—in German a quaintly alliterative phrase, "Kinder, Küche und Kirche." It is constantly said that Hitler is returning to the ideals of the monarchy and is tending perhaps to its restoration. He is certainly doing both in the important matter of handling women.

Under the old system of domestic subjection the average middle-class German woman became a shapeless bundle of fat entirely lacking in style and living only in hope of winning a glance of approval or toleration from her lord and master. Her exercise consisted mainly in walking from the kitchen stove to the kitchen table and



Wash Day in a Humble Berlin Working Family—Cooking, Sewing, Washing and Baby Care Will Now Fill the Time of German Women.

back again, with occasional spells at the wash-tub. This routine, combined with a liberal consumption of pastry, would have wrecked the figure of the Venus de Milo.

After the revolution and the establishment of the Republic the German women underwent a complete transformation in body and mental attitude. A large proportion of the young women went in wholeheartedly for athletics and acquired strong, graceful and slender figures. They welcomed the severe diet of the training table in place of the old orgies of tarts and cakes and showed that they had figures not unlike those of other races.

The vote and the right to sit in the Reichstag were given them, and several became dominant figures in the halls of legislation, proving that they had gifts of speech of a remarkable order. The universities were opened to them and many distinguished themselves in medicine, science and law, as many women had already done in the United States, England and other countries.

New much of this has been changed by the incredibly reactionary system of the Nazis. The women are being ousted out of every public office, from the highest to the lowest, and ordered back to the kitchen. The dictator must grow fat and shapeless again. Thousands of bright women students were excluded from the universities simply because they were Jews.

Hisberts, it is said, few great democratic advances, such as the emancipation of women, have been reversed. For the present, Hitler's extraordinary treatment of women is an exception.

Until the assumption of office by Hitler, women had been leading figures in the Reichstag. Clara Zetkin, the venerable Communist, now eighty-two years old, acted as president of that body for a time. Her courage and energy were remarkable. Protesting against attacks by Communists by the Nazis she shouted at Hitler:

"You Nazis are murderers."

When the new Reichstag assembled recently on Hitler's assumption of power, Clara Zetkin was not present. Neither was any other woman member, however moderate.

Another picturesque woman member was Ruth Fischer, otherwise Frau Golke. The Nazis voted to deport her



Woman Working as a Shoemaker in Berlin. This Is Decried to Be a Man's Job and She Will Have to Go Back to Housework.

because she was an Austrian, although Hitler was of similar origin. She promptly married a German workman and thus became a German citizen and could not be deported. She separated from her husband at once, as she home was not her chosen domain.

Dr. Gertrud Baumer, a highly educated woman, was a member of a different type. Handsome, distinguished, with black hair and strong features, she was the typical university and professional woman. She held the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. She was married, but all members of the Reichstag were called Frau instead of Fraulein, a concession to the old prejudice that marriage conferred dignity. She attained the high position of member of the Cabinet.

Dr. Baumer had a hand in framing

the Weimar republican constitution, one of the articles of which said: "Article 119. Marriage rests on the equality of rights of the two sexes; motherhood has the right of protection and assistance from the state."

Hitler has scrapped the Weimar constitution. The new rule is that motherhood is a duty and that any woman who is fit for it and avoids it will get into trouble. Colonel von Papen, one of Hitler's principal assistants, recently said:

"The battlefield is to a man what motherhood is to a woman."

If von Papen had been talking to women, he would probably have turned his remark around and said: "Motherhood is to a woman what the battlefield is to a man."

When Hitler came into power the Communists were put into concentra-

Nurse Using a Doll to Teach German Mothers How to Wash a Baby, Part of the Training Which All German Women Will Have to Undergo.

tion camps and provided with "suitable labor" and the moderate Socialists went into retirement. Old Clara Zetkin, still defying Hitler, flew to join the Bolsheviks in Russia. It was generally remarked that she had more nerve than any of the men politicians opposed to Hitler.

Ruth Fischer took refuge in Denmark, where women enjoy the fullest freedom and from where she can easily keep in touch with affairs in Germany. But some of the women politicians were not so fortunate as these. Antonie Pfaff, a Socialist woman member of the Reichstag, committed suicide because she faced the end of her public career. She was a school teacher and took part in framing the Weimar republican constitution.

Under Hitler's new program for helping German industry women are excluded, and the unmarried, both men and women, will be taxed, because they are not contributing to the population of the country.

German women since the war have done splendid work in science, comparable to that of Madame Curie, the co-discoverer of radium, in France. All this is to be discouraged, if it cannot be stopped. Dr. Rheda Erdmann, of Berlin, a former assistant of Dr. Robert Koch, is one of the foremost cancer specialists of the country. She has published authoritative treatises on the ameba and protozoa and on the treatment of the disease. Subsequently she was called to carry on research at the Rockefeller Institute in New York.

Dr. Durand, a woman, is one of the most noted physicians for women in Germany. Dr. Hermine Heuserle-Hirzen and Prof. Dr. Graf von Linde are among the other outstanding women physicians of the country.

German women have only in recent years assumed an important position as authors. Dr. Richards is now one of the most popular novelists. Then von Harbon has won fame as the creator of "Metropolis" and other successful screen productions. The handsome

Helen von Nostitz-Wallwitz is known for her biographies of famous men. Elisabeth von Schmidt Pauli, of Berlin, is a distinguished writer of philosophical works and lecturer, and Professor Kathie Kolwitz is an original modernist painter, whose creations are to be found in the New York Metro politan Museum.

A very modern woman is Hedwig Wangel, who left the stage to become a nun and got permission to leave the convent and go back to the stage, in order to earn money to found a home for German female ex-convicts. It is called the Hedwig Wangel Home and is at Stochow, near Berlin.

The complete transformation of German women's figures through their devotion to athletics is remarkable. Until the advent of Hitler it was common to meet dozens of young women doing cross-country runs, in shorts and vests, even in the streets of cities. Not so long ago the German girl conveyed the impression of a barge with a lot of freight on its stern. Today she is more like a dainty yacht, the cut of her sails distinctly Parisian.

German women athletes are particularly expert at throwing the hammer, hurling the javelin, putting the shot and other feats requiring great strength, but they compete in all forms of sport. Fraulein Mollenhauer, of Hamburg, has made the record discus throw for a woman of 131 feet. Frau Hensel Mayer is the greatest woman fencer and recently won an international cup. Fencing is a splendid exercise for the figure and quite incompatible with the old-fashioned kind of German women's figures.

Even German laboring women and wives of workmen have taken to sport. They were always strong, being accustomed to do the work of dogs and horses in many cases, but the kind of labor they did tended to make them heavy and clumsy. Lately they have taken to running and jumping. Jumping exercises called "frog leaping" are in favor at girls' high schools.

The passion for slowness invaded Germany with the Republic. The full-bodied, perfectly dressed Gretchen, with her austere combed, became practically extinct among the younger generation. At the same time she exchanged more consideration from men. German husbands were inclined to be domineering. The standard of fidelity was lower than in America, and they drank a good deal.

In pre-war days all this was taken for granted. A husband when he allowed his fling occasionally, and his wife was accustomed to plotting him home after a beer party which had lasted late into the morning. She did not question him as to his whereabouts if he remained away from home longer than usual, and she accepted in humble spirit his revivals or his late night parties in order in the household when he returned.

The new German wife did not submit to this slavery. She wanted as much amusement as her husband. She could be found Charlestoning at the time of day when she used to be having a knitting party or cutting up the "wurst" for supper. She demanded to be taken to dine in restaurants on days when her husband was out, and she usually gave up beer for cocktails. Now all this new freedom is to be wiped out by Hitler.

His Women Takes Boarders in the Castle

The Duke and Duchess of Montrose Rent Rooms in Historic Buchanan Castle, on the Banks of Loch Lomond, Scotland, With Beds 250 Years Old, Livered Servants, Crested Stationery and the Noble Host and Hostess Themselves to Stare at and Occasionally Chat With



Little Lady Jean Graham and Her White "Scotty." She Is the Grand-Daughter of the Present Duke, and Her Father, Lord Graham, Will Inherit the Titles and Estates.



Historic Old Buchanan Castle, Residence of the Duke of Montrose, on the Banks of Loch Lomond, Scotland, Where the Duke and Duchess Now Live and Have Opened Thirty Rooms for Boarders.



The Duke of Montrose, One of the Foremost Scottish Peers, Who Is Taking Boarders in His Ancestral Castle.



The Duchess of Montrose, Who Is Hostess to the Boarders in the Castle.



As the Boarders Arrive, a Flunkey in Full Livery Opens the Door of the Castle, and the Fall at the Foot of the Grand Staircase Is Seen the Portrait of the Ancestral Marquis of Montrose, Who Was Executed for His Political Intrigues—It Was as Before the Family Received the Dukedom.

LONDON, June 24.
THE untowardly "well" thing for the American tourist this Summer is to stay, not at one of London's most expensive hotels, but in a boarding house.

But it is a boarding house of luxe, with such exalted social atmosphere and noble surroundings thrown in with the board and lodgings, as could only be beaten if their Majesties, the King and Queen of England, should rent rooms in Windsor Castle.

The house itself is the ancient and historic Buchanan Castle, built in the seventeenth century on the famous banks of Loch Lomond, Scotland. The proprietor and proprietress of this highest class of all boarding houses that ever existed, are the Duke and Duchess of Montrose who bear one of the oldest and noblest titles in all the British Empire.

Besides a large bedroom and, in some cases by special arrangement, a private bath with running water, here are some of the incomparable advantages the boarder enjoys which no hotel could offer at any price.

Once a week, the lucky boarder is entitled to converse with the proprietress, a genuine Duchess and able to shout at the Lord of the Castle. The Duke is a trifle hard of hearing, but he puts his guests at ease by shouting back at them.

Without extra charge the guests may use the engraved personal stationery of the Duke and Duchess, with its coat of arms and motto, "N' oublier"—"Forget not." There is no law compelling the boarder, in his letters to friends and wondering friends to mention that he is a paying guest and not there entirely because the noble host and hostess-like his fate.

In case the tourist fears his American friends may doubt how noble and important a peer of the realm this is who has taken him into his ancestral home, the Duke's own butler will gladly furnish a list of his master's imposing titles.

First, he is Duke of Montrose, in the Kingdom of Scotland, a title which was created in the year 1707. His other Scottish titles are Marquis of Montrose, Marquis of Graham and Buchanan, Earl of Montrose, Earl of Kincardine, Viscount Dundee, Baron Graham, Baron Abernethy, Baron Mugdock and Baron Fintona. His titles in the peerage of Great Britain—by virtue of which he sits in the House of Lords—are Earl of Graham and Graham of Belford, in the County of Northumberland. In addition, he is the Hereditary Sheriff of County Dumbarton, and Lord Lieutenant of Bute.

His Duchess is equally noble. She is the only child of the twelfth Duke of Hamilton, who also Duke of Brandon in England, and Duke of Chateaufort in the phantom kingdom of France. It is in Brodie Castle, which is on the Duchess's own property in the title of Arran, that this feudal State as still surrounds the Duke and Duchess is maintained in the

magnificent old Highland way. There the Duke always wears his kilt, and there pipers killed pipers marches solemnly round the dining-hall making wild music of the sort that is supposed to aid Scottish appetites and digestions. This baggage cabaret is not maintained at Buchanan Castle, because Americans probably would not appreciate it and might break the pipe's heart by bribing him to play some where else and let them eat in peace.

If one has luck he may sleep in the same bed occupied only last Summer by the Duchess of York, mother of little Princess Elizabeth who will one day be Queen of England, provided R. R. H. the present Prince of Wales continues to avoid making what he considers the supreme sacrifice of getting married. However, any of the thirty boarders is happy in the knowledge that he or she may be sleeping between the same sheets or resting his ordinary head on the same pillow slip used by the mother of a future Queen.

Nearly all the thirty beds available for boarders are full of hallowed memories and most of them are 250 years old, great four-poster, blackened with age and rich with heraldic carvings which the liveried servants will gladly explain. On them have slept royalty and nobility innumerable, but these ancient couches are given a bright modern touch by colored chintz canopies. Most of them have a wooden roof like the top of an old house, and on the inside of this the boarder can discern some pious motto, carved in the God-fearing days of old, such as: "Watch, my soul, thou knowest not when the Lord will come."

The rooms are furnished exactly as they have been for generations of non-paying guests. In a typical one which looks out on the drive is a large and beautifully lacquered writing table in one window, with a porcelain ink-pot, and a crimson leather blotter stamped with the Duke's arms. There is a massive, antique oak wardrobe, ten feet high, and there are two deep arm-chairs, a sofa, a music-table, and an old-fashioned washstand.

In that washstand is a pitcher of plain cold water. When you need hot water, you pull a long, tasseled cord which rings a bell, just as it did two and a half centuries ago, and a pretty Scotch maid appears, bearing a can of it. This is as it has always been. And in addition to the Duke and his Duchess and the liveried servants, the guests will meet the Duke's son and heir, young Lord Graham, who will inherit the titles and estates. While this young nobleman and his wife, Lady Graham, do not live in the Castle, they are frequent visitors, and the boarders by hanging round will have opportunity to add these titled personages to their acquaintance. Furthermore, Lord and Lady Graham's attractive young daughter, Lady Jean, with her white "Scotty," is a friendly little personage and can be seen and talked with as she occasionally visits the estate or romps through the castle halls.

If the guest has arrived in time for afternoon tea, he will probably have it in the corridor on the ground floor. It is a fine tea, typically Scottish. He may eat—if he can—a large plateful of bread and butter, half-a-dozen scones brown and white, half-a-dozen little cakes, a big cake, and unlimited strawberry jam.

Not every Tom, Dick and Harry can get into the most noble of boarding houses. One must first correspond with the managersess of the Castle, who is no common person, but the Honorable Mrs. Archison, sister-in-law of the

Earl of Gifford. She will insist on references and she takes her time about investigating them. The Duke is not fussy, exactly, but he doesn't want crooks who would steal his priceless paintings from their frames, nor vandals who would carve their names and date on 250-year-old wall-molding and carry away some of his silver and linen as souvenirs. Also he is against "bright young people" who make violent whoopee and "can't carry their liquor." That is not his idea of being "drunk as a lord."

Having satisfied the managersess that he will leave the Castle as he finds it, the guest arranges for a room and meals for which he will pay about \$24 to \$40 a week, during April and May and for June and July about 25 per cent higher. Many boarding houses are cheaper than this, but look what one gets for the money!

He is waited on by a Duke's perfect, liveried servants who will unobtrusively coach the American boarder in how to address a Duke and Duchess, as well as other forms of manners and deportment. If the Americans are apt pupils they ought to pick up quite a few airs and graces which should attract the attention of their friends when they return to their home town.

The problem of tipping such a multitude of servants would be something of a nightmare to an American boarder, if the Duke had not solved it for them. On departing, the guest slips a confidential note to about \$5 per week per person into a little

box, at the front door. This is divided among the servants and the fact that it is right near the Duke's carved crest with its "Forget not" motto is entirely an accident. The guest will probably spend about \$5 a week more on pony hire to drive around the vast estate and for drinks.

The Castle, a huge stone building, looms in the middle of a wooded park close to the village of Drymen in Strathgairn. It is best reached by car and a guest, who has passed the reference test, will find himself driving finally through a modest stone gateway on the main road to Loch Lomond. His car will thread its way between magnificent trees for two miles. He will pass stretches of grass, from which rabbits will scurry at his approach, and will cross an ancient stone bridge that spans the tumbling brown waters of a highland burn. On his right is the home farm, and, as he draws near the castle, a deer may trot across the drive in front of him.

As he approaches the Castle the grass becomes close-cropped as the grazers become close-cropped as the carpet, kept that way by successive generations of sheep and gardeners. The car finally ascends a gravelled rise to the main entrance with the great carved Dutch coronet and coat of arms, with its motto and the box for the help.

There is no common electric button to push, but a tug at the bell will bring the perfect butler or footman to the door, and from that moment the paying guest need give no further thought to his personal comfort. His car will be driven away to the Dutch garage, and the butler will supervise the transfer of his baggage to his room. He will be conducted through the entrance hall, which is hung with old weapons, to the managersess's office where he will sign his name. Then he will be taken by the butler some fifty yards along the great tapestried corridor on the ground floor, up the main staircase, which is hung with pictures of Louis George III and Queen Caroline (both given by that monarch to the second Duke), and so to his bedroom on the first floor.

Some of the bedrooms have a drawing room attached, which will cost from \$14 to \$23 a week extra, according to season, and there are one or two, with private baths, in which there is sometimes hot running water, at others only two kinds of cold water, but always a mirror will bring plenty more, steaming hot. The bath adds \$16 to \$25 a week to the bill, but it really is not necessary in this stratosphere of nobility.

The four public rooms, which are at the guests' disposal, are all hung with portraits of the Duke's family—some of them long dead—and of other members of the nobility. The dining room, especially, is interesting for its pictures. Here is an enormous equestrian portrait of Charles I. by Vandyck. There are two other similar paintings, one in the Royal collection at Windsor, and one in the National Gallery in London. But this one is considered by experts to have the best claim to be the original. Some time ago, when it was being cleaned, it was discovered that the head of the groom, holding the King's horse, had been painted at first to face left instead of right. The experts and the Duke argue that no copy would show such an alteration.

At meal times the thirty boarders have the broad pleasure of getting their legs under the same massive, old, carved-oak table beneath which hundreds of noble and Royal legs have been thrust, some of them now mere bones at rest in Westminster Abbey. The meals though rather simple are prepared by the Duke's own cook who is not a chef. (He won't have a French cook in the Castle.) Much of the food is grown on the Castle's own broad acres, including his own mutton which is called "mutton" and not "Spring lamb" as in the United States.

The boarders are welcome to all the Duke's home-grown strawberries they eat but if they want cream even druids of noble and Royal legs have been thrust, some of them now mere bones at rest in Westminster Abbey. The meals though rather simple are prepared by the Duke's own cook who is not a chef. (He won't have a French cook in the Castle.) Much of the food is grown on the Castle's own broad acres, including his own mutton which is called "mutton" and not "Spring lamb" as in the United States.

Social Leader Hires Out as a Serv

Housework Girl in Various Households Where Child, Slept in Hard, Lumpy Beds and I

At a bridge party in her home in Topeka, Kansas, Mrs. Jarrell and her guests were discussing domestic servants. She expressed her convictions about how badly household help were treated and how they felt about it. One of the guests suggested that she had better get a job as a "hired girl" and acquire some real first-hand knowledge—and Mrs. Jarrell took the dare and did that very thing.

The daughter of a former Attorney General and Federal judge in Kansas, and the wife of Mr. J. F. Jarrell, an official of the Santa Fe railroad, Mrs. Jarrell is one of the social leaders of Topeka. As "Nina Johnson," cook and general housework servant, she found work in six different families in Kansas City, because she was too well known to play the part in Topeka. And the interesting narrative of her experiences is told by Mrs. Jarrell on this page.

By Mrs. Myra Williams Jarrell.

IT BEGAN in fun but ended on a more serious note.

Three of my friends had been lunching with me. After Yiu Tong, my Chinese second boy, had arranged the card tables in the living room, laid another log on the fire and departed, the envy and admiration of the three over what they considered my luck in having two such perfect servants as Yiu Tong and black Dinah broke forth in comment about the servant problem.

I may have been somewhat smug in saying that my luck, as they called it, was due to the fact that I treated them as if they were human beings, instead of simply automata hired to keep my house, hold wheels oiled and running smoothly.

Sara refused to believe that the maids she had employed had the same sort of feelings that she had. Willa insisted that I was born with seven veils—or something; anyway—I didn't deserve credit for employing such treasures. Beth, herself capable and quick, and with an almost intelligent set of electrical contrivances in her house, said: "Well, being on my own, as the saying goes, I don't depend on anybody else to put a log on the fire for me, to make my toast, or broil my steak. Let's cut for deal."

As we studied our hands Sara said to me: "If you think you know so much about how servants feel, why don't you back up your superficial knowledge with first-hand experience?"

"I may do that very thing. I bid two spades." "She wouldn't dare," Willa contributed. "Who wouldn't dare?" I demanded.

"You wouldn't dare work in anybody's kitchen, and I bid two no trump." "Against an original bid of two spades?" cried Beth again. "And besides, we're supposed to be playing bridge, and not hide-and-go-seek with the question which seems so vexing to you poor creatures who have to depend for your comfort upon hired help."

"Just for these remarks, I'll take your dare. I'll get me a job as somebody's hired girl."

Calm corroboration of my acceptance of that challenge brought me some qualms and I knew that I had gotten myself into something. However, not being a quitter, I determined to see it through. Also, I hugged to myself the fact that though a number of newspaper women had done the same thing for a story, and the W. W. C. A. had conducted similar experiments, with an idea of bettering the conditions of the household employee, I was probably the first employer of household help to turn the tables and enter the employ of other women as a servant.

My first step was to take into my confidence Mrs. Willis J. Bailey of Kansas City, Missouri, whose husband had formerly been one of our Kansas governors. Mrs. Bailey entered into the spirit, and got quite a kick out of her part of it, which was to tell all persons calling her for reference that though "Nina Johnson" had not worked for her, she had worked for a very good friend of hers in Topeka, Mrs. Frank Jarrell, and that Mrs. Jarrell had found her entirely satisfactory; in fact, she would add, Nina had practically raised Mrs. Jarrell's children. (Which of course was perfectly true.)

With Mrs. Bailey's character reference, and the letter I carried written on Mrs. Frank Jarrell's personal stationery, "To whom it might concern," stating that Nina Johnson had been in my home for many years; that she was honest, capable, and an excellent cook, and that she had no bad habits, I found that harassed housewives were willing to pawn their chances for eternal rest, if they could get me to work for them. That part of it was easy.

After a day or so in Kansas City, and becoming

engaged by my first mistress, my work to start the beginning of the following week, I came home. When my prospective mistress expressed concern, lest I should not show up as per schedule, I offered to leave with her, as a guarantee of good faith, Mrs. Jarrell's letter of recommendation. She was entirely satisfied, not knowing how easy it would have been for me to obtain another from myself for myself.

I had been in my own house only a few minutes when Willa Streeter phoned, asking me to be one of a foursome at her house the following Tuesday afternoon.

"Can't. That won't be my day off," I told her.

"Your day off? What on earth are you talking about?"

"You forget that by Tuesday of next week, while you, frivolous women are sipping tea and over-bidding your hands, I will be in Kansas City scrubbing floors and washing out dish-cloths, and doing all of the other pleasant little tasks that make life smooth and easy for parasites."

"You're not really going through with it?" she gasped.

"I certainly am going through with it. Do you think I'll give you women a chance to say 'I'm a welscher'? Go on away now, and play with those who play with those. I'm busy rehearsing for my new part."

It was in a spirit of adventure that I accepted Mrs. Terrell's offer. I was a pretty and attractive young woman, mother of two children. The house was in the Country Club district; it was snowed white, with green shutters, and held itself somewhat away from its neighbors, by well trimmed hedges, and its terraces, which brought it far above the street level. Inside it was exquisitely clean, and furnished in excellent taste.

I never saw Mr. Terrell. He was packing for a business trip when I arrived, and of course, he was gone before he returned. I learned afterwards that it was Mrs. Terrell's desire to have me "broken in" before his return, so that the household would be running smoothly.

I had not yet forgotten my own identity, though I strove for a humble exterior. So that, in spite of everything, I suffered a pang of something as I sat in the kitchen while Mrs. Terrell and the children dined, waiting for the bell which would summon me for more milk for the children, more bread, or to clear off for dessert.

The meat for dinner was lamb chops. Not wishing to be chicken for throwing out anything that might have been wished saved, I asked Mrs. Terrell, "Do you want the grease from the chops saved?"

"No," was the reply. "But put it in the garbage. Don't throw it down the sink."

I felt like saying, "Shake! I've had the same experience with utter dumbness." Instead, I murmured, "No, ma'am, I won't."

It was several days before my mistress warned me up to me, though she was as pleasant as an average woman is to her help. She was always conscious of the social chasm yawning between us—as are most employers.

But when I touched her imagination with a baked omelet she became quite human. I was so pleased that it gave me pause to wonder why we women didn't do it oftener—praise good working or cooking I mean. Certainly the results would justify it. I know that I tried very hard to please my mistress after her first words of appreciation.

I feel certain that she was pleased that she didn't have to tell me that chairs had rounds to be dusted, and that windows had sills for the same purpose, and that pictures should be wiped off, and the edges of book shelves. But when I became slack—as I did, from utter weariness, and didn't scrub the stone doorstep to suit her, she called me back rather sharply to do it over.



Up in the Attic the Little Boy Was Hard and Lumpy, But That Was Where Mrs. Jarrell, Who Had Hired Out as "Nina Johnson," Had to Sleep.

My back was aching, and my arms weak from their unusual tasks, and it took a lot of real strength of character to refrain from doing what my daughter had declared that I would do at the first affront put upon me, and exclaim, "Do you know who I am? My great-grandfather was So-and-so, my grandfather was So-and-so, my father was So-and-so, my husband is So-and-so, my children are So-and-so, and I am only So-and-so—"

I had planned to work only a week in one place, thus getting a slant on different types of homes. So, my week being up, I received a wire, arranged for with a friend at home, which read, "Miss Nina Johnson. Ma has frankly her hip. Come at once."

"Uncle Henry."

Mrs. Terrell, herself expecting a wire from her husband, leaned over the balustrade and I signed for the telegram and asked, "What is it, Nina?"

I took the wire up for her to read, offering this explanation, "She's my stepmother. She's over 80. I'm all their get. I'll have to go home this afternoon."

Mrs. Terrell was so sweetly sympathetic that I felt abashed. But back of her sympathy and the disappointment which she frankly expressed at losing me, was a palpable hope that at Ma's age the accident might prove fatal, and that I might be able to return to her later. She even offered to hire only temporary help in the interim. I would not permit her to hope for my return, however. And so severed my connection with my first job as housemaid.

During the few days' rest at home before taking my next job, I had the original three who had been responsible for the experiment out for lunch and bridge. When Willa asked us to come to her house the following Tuesday, I declined, saying that I would be back in Kansas City on the job again.

"Silly!" Beth exclaimed, "You've proven your mettle by this one experience. Are you going to make it your life work?"

"No. But I am going to work in enough different types of homes to find out why Sara and Willa cannot get and keep good servants."

"Don't bother on my account," Sara said flippantly. "Besides, we only have your word for it that you really did it. How do we know that you didn't have a suite at the Muehlbach while you were away?"

"It's true you have only my word for it. But if there is any doubt in your mind, I suggest that you phone Mrs. Terrell. Go ahead and put in a call at my expense. Tell her you are speaking for Nina Johnson, and see what she says."

After some demur, Sara did as I insisted. Her face betrayed the way in which Mrs. Terrell had responded. "No," Sara replied hastily to the query as to whether Nina would be able to return.

"No—ma'am" (adding the "Ma'am" as an afterthought). "No, ma'am, she can't leave her Ma, and says for you not to wait for her any longer."

"Well, Nina," was Sara's comment after she

had hung up the receiver. "You did deliver the goods."

Mrs. Willoughby, my next mistress, had a shrill voice that spoke of tempers to come, though she spoke pleasantly enough on that first day. Her house had been slackly kept. I formed the impression that she didn't care so much how the work was done, just so it was done ungrudgingly. I fancy she was the type to gossip with her help over the other people they had worked for, though I was not there long enough for that friendly little interchange of chit-chat. I was not conscious of the social gap that yawned between us, as at Mrs. Terrell's—except, I confess, I was conscious that I would have felt it myself, had she lived in my town. In other words, she would never have "made" the people with whom I was accustomed to associate.

She had two badly spoiled children; a girl of high school age who was a perpetual pout, and a little girl of six or seven with a violent temper. The ice-box was a sight, and I spent almost my first forenoon in disposing of things that had been allowed to sour, and of scrubbing the box out with soda. Whatever else could be said of my second mistress, no one could accuse her of being a poor provider, even though an unwise one. From the contents worthy of being kept I concocted what I thought would be an appetizing lunch. Mrs. Willoughby having left that meal to my own discretion. I cooked creamed chicken on toast, and made a vegetable salad. Also, from stale sponge cake and whipped cream and canned peaches, I brought forth a dainty dessert. But it did not suit the children.

"I loathe the leftovers," Lucille, the elder, commented sourly. "Mamma, can't you make her understand that we don't eat such trash?"

Irene, the younger, picked out bits of the white meat, and demanded pie, and I was told by Mrs. Willoughby not to sit them down again to such a meal. So I retreated to the kitchen, where, a little later, I enjoyed a very good meal of creamed chicken and vegetable salad, wondering at the same time if the bed in my room was as lumpy as it looked, and devoutly hoping that it was clean.

Things might not have been so bad at the Willoughbys' but that an aunt of Mrs. Willoughby's came to visit her. There was never any Mr. Willoughby around, so I suppose Mrs. Willoughby was a well-provided for widow.

The aunt sniffed at me suspiciously the first time she came snooping around the kitchen; accused me of extravagance for the wasteful condition of the ice-box; and accused me of impertinence when I tried to point out that Mrs. Willoughby did the ordering and that they would eat fixed-order dishes.

I knew that I was being gossiped about. When I would go into the dining room at meal-time to pour more water or something of the sort, I would know they had been discussing me—and I knew that I was not being pleasantly discussed. Once or twice I caught "SHE" in this or that, and knew it was I being dissected.

On the fourth day of my service Lucille came into the kitchen with a pile of dresses to be pressed. I took them without comment. And then I distinctly heard her say in her own room—in fact, I believe she raised her voice for my benefit. "If there's anything I hate, it's a sulky hired girl."

The climax came after dinner that night when Irene came into the kitchen when my work was over. I was wearingly turning out the light and looking forward to resting my tired bones on my hard bed. She demanded that I make her some candy and read to her.



"You wouldn't dare work in anybody's kitchen," Willa challenged Mrs. Jarrell. "Just for these remarks," Mrs. Jarrell replied, "I'll take your dare. I'll get me a job as somebody's hired girl."



Mrs. Terrell Was a Very Thorough Housekeeper, and When Her New Hired Girl, From Utter Weariness, Did Not Scrub the Stone Steps to Suit Her, She Called Her Back Rather Sharply and Made Her Do It Over Again.

'aint' Mrs. Myra Williams Jarrell of a Prominent Topeka, Kansas, "First Family," Gets a Position as Cook and General e She Scrubbed Floors, Was Kicked by a Spoiled lad to Eat the Scraps Left on the Plates of Her Employers



When It Came Mrs. Jarrell's "Night Off," She Joined Her Husband, Put on Her Evening Clothes and Dined With Him at a Fashionable Restaurant. And There She Met Her Astonished Employer, Who, the Next Morning, Discharged Her.

"I'll make you some candy if your mother goes so, but it's getting late and you should go to bed, and that's what I want to do, for I'm red, and have to get up early in the morning. It'll be up to you tomorrow afternoon."

"You will, too, read to me tonight," she insisted. And then she kicked me. I shut my teeth and made no reply, but set out making the candy.

"Mamma says you have to read to me if I say so. She says you're sulky. And Aunt Mary says I bet she'd take it out of you if she was mamma."

As I still did not answer, she kicked me again. Then, as I began to measure for the candy she made a dive for the sugar can and upset the contents all over the kitchen floor. I jumped to try salvage the sugar and she started to run. She tripped on my foot and sprawled on the floor.

I was sure she was not hurt, but her screams roused her mother, and sister into the kitchen.

"She hit me," Irene accused, pointing a tiny finger at me.

"Mrs. Willoughby, I did not. I would not ride a child."

"Oh, let her go, Ma," wailed Lucille. "We can't have to put up with an ill-natured hired girl."

"I wouldn't have kept her this long," the old lady, Aunt Mary, put in.

I began untying my apron. That infuriated Mrs. Willoughby. "You set right out of my house this minute," she ordered. "You can't stay another night under my roof. I don't allow my servant to strike a child of mine. I don't even punish her myself."

I permitted myself a slight revenge by saying: "That's a pity. She might be made something if spanked judiciously now and then."

"Feels above her position, that's what she does," scolded the old party. "Sets herself up to judgment on her betters."

I smiled. I could not help it. When I came out, after packing my few belongings, to the accompaniment of shrill and denouncing voices in the kitchen, telling each other how well rid of me they were, Mrs. Willoughby drew a two dollar bill at me, saying it was all I had earned, especially being as wasteful as I had been.

"Two dollar bills are said to be unlucky," I told her coolly, "so I leave it with you."

I had been fired. On that occasion there had been no broken hips to get me out of my job!

There could be no possible reason for any laid quitting in the home I was next in, unless kicked by the snobbish daughter of the dear old couple who had, by years of hard work, thrift and wisdom in investments, acquired a modest fortune, and had moved from the farm to Kansas to enjoy life. They weren't enjoying it, really. They both preferred the simple life, but allowed themselves to be overruled by their married daughter, who insisted upon a routine of

living to which they were not accustomed. She had even overseen the furnishing of the house, even to the twin beds. Mrs. Wilson naively told me: "Papa don't like it. He's got cold feet."

My week with the Wilsons was uneventful, but sweet. At its conclusion I hadn't the heart to carry on the deception. So, when I showed them the inevitable telegram about Ma's hip, I confessed the truth.

"Why—" Mrs. Wilson asked, "ain't you the lady that writes?" When I confessed that I did some magazine and newspaper writing, they were both thrilled. Mrs. Wilson confided wistfully, "I allus thought I'd like to write. But somehow I never got started at it—"

They did not say, as some erudite people might, "You must meet such interesting people in newspaper work." Their main reaction to the whole thing was a chuckling appreciation of the joke I had put over "Minnie," their snobbish daughter.

I was not yet through with Minnie—Mrs. Barrington Smyth

I might as well have worked in a night club, as in the fourth home in which I found a job. Mrs. Sampson was a woman whose eyes gleamed hard under mascaraed lashes, and whose cheeks and lips—when she was ready for company, bloomed with a color never dreamed of in her youth.

Each night saw a gay carnival of bridge and high-balls, and each morning saw a shrewish, aging woman, as unlike as possible to the gay, insouciant hostess of the evening before. She had her breakfast in bed, so that I had a good opportunity to see the ravages of her excesses.

She was a good housekeeper, with all her carelessness in regard to the conventions. And no matter how late poor Nina was in getting to bed, after serving late suppers (for she kept no one else), there was always the straightening of a living room strewn with cigarette ashes and sticky glasses, and the whole place to be made immaculate before Mrs. Sampson arose.

The week was nearing its close. Mrs. Sampson was to have a dinner, and was instructing me. "You will pass the hors-d'oeuvre with the cocktails in the drawing room," she told me. But she called it something that sounded like horse dovers.

"Yes, madam. And what sort of Or Derve do you wish?"

She stared at me sharply. "Have you had any experience in making horse dovers?" she asked. I had had a daily battle with my table steward on the ship going to Europe the summer before. He hadn't called it horse dover, but Er Derve. The duel lasted all the way over. I really lost out because he punished me by giving me the scrappiest and least attractive of the little appetizers. So I hastily decided not to try to make Mrs. Sampson over, spiritually or intellectually. "You make 'em of sardines, don't you, or whatever?" I asked stupidly.

It was while passing the "horse dovers" to the gaily attired women and tuxedoed men in the drawing room that I met my Waterloo. I heard an exclamation, and found myself looking into the much be-rugged and snippy little button-nosed face of Minnie—Mrs. Barrington Smyth.

Neither of us batted an eyelash, but in loitering—shamelessly, I confess, to hear what she told Mrs. Sampson, when a few minutes later I saw her excitedly talking and both looking toward me—I heard her say something about "Ma's Hip" and knew that the dear old couple, her parents, had excused my sudden departure by showing her my telegram—without, however, betraying me.

Two Portraits of Mrs. J. F. Jarrell, Social Leader of Topeka, Kan., Who Hired Out in Half a Dozen Families in Kansas City as "Nina Johnson," to Find Out How Servants Are Fed, Housed and Treated.



And I heard more. I heard sibilant whispers about jewels, and saw Mrs. Sampson clasp what I had thought to be ten cent store pearls at her throat. By that I knew that I was suspected of having some ulterior motive—and naturally the thought of these women turned to theft. I slept poorly that night.

When Mrs. Sampson's bell rang the next morning I stole myself for the questioning I knew would follow. I denied nothing. Yes, Ma'am, it was true that I had been called home by such words. No, Ma'am, Ma was simply bruised by her fall. Yes, Ma'am, I had supposed that the Wilsons had found somebody else, so hadn't tried to go back there. No, Ma'am, I was not a liar. Yes, Ma'am, Mrs. Jarrell of Topeka would be willing to take me back. No, Ma'am, I had not forgone Mrs. Jarrell's name to that letter I carried. Yes, Ma'am, I was honest. No, Ma'am, I didn't care to work any longer. Yes, Ma'am, I had a headache, and would sue please excuse me now? No, Ma'am, I didn't care if she didn't say me anything. Yes, Ma'am, perhaps I did not make very good horse dovers. Yes, Ma'am—I was going—right now—

"Now you just set and take it easy a little and sort of get acquainted with the children, while I finish something in the kitchen. I'd rather you didn't see the kitchen till I've had a chance to red it up."

Mrs. Kruge—where, according to the advertisement I answered, "A good home, rather than high wages" was offered, was a kind, weary soul, whose good husband had decided on some further sacrifice on his part in order to hire a "Helper" for her.



At Mrs. Graham's Establishment Mrs. Jarrell Found That Just Enough Food Was Provided for the Family, and, There Being Nothing for the Cook, She Was So Nearly Starved That She Was Obligated to Eat Around the Edges of the Plates What the Family Had Left.

The children stood around and stared at me. The room was bare, but a pathetic attempt at beautifying it was found in the backs of magazines pinned onto the walls. A cheap, shiny piano attested a mother's cultural yearning for her children.

The strong but not unpleasant odor of a boiled dinner floated out from the kitchen. Then a bent old woman, with toothless gums and rheumy eyes came in and was introduced as "Gramma." She sat in innocuous vacuity until galvanized into action by the summons to supper. Eating, it appeared, was her only interest in life.

I saw Mr. Kruge for the first time, a dispirited sort of man who looked as if discouragement sat heavily upon him.

I was invited to eat at the table with the family. There was no class distinction here.

After the meal, as Mrs. Kruge and I worked together, doing the dishes, I glimpsed the rare soul of her. She wanted that Tommy should be a lawyer and Nellie a writer. Little Sammy drew "awful good," and she thought maybe he'd be an artist. Johnny was good at figuring, and the baby, Mary Helena, would surely be a musician because she loved to pound the piano. I hope the dear woman's dreams come true.

I knew, however, that I would not be able to stick my full week here, much as I wanted to help Mrs. Kruge, and self-reproachful as I was over answering her ad, just for the value I thought such a place might offer as experience.

The fly in the ointment was that I was to share a room with "Gramma."

Gramma was worse than I imagined. Aside from her lack of personal amenities and of her using two-thirds of the bed space, Gramma had an aversion to fresh air. She seemed to be sleeping as I understood, but at the first sash of the window being raised she cried in a rasping voice: "Shut that window."

I had to be awake half the night in order to get the fresh air I craved, and then awaken much earlier than necessary in order to shut the window before the old woman knew the outrage that had been committed against her.

I stood it three days; three nights rather. The days were pleasant. I like people, and enjoy meeting all sorts. As I said before, I found a rare soul in Mrs. Kruge, even though she had no educational advantage and no social standing in her own or any community. Just the same, she was the salt of the earth. On Thursday, as I went on the street car to reach the haven where all such heavenly vacations from work were spent—with a sister-in-

New Beach Costumes

Authoritative and Newest Fashions from the Studios of the Famous French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris

These Latest Paris Models Offer Suggestions for American Dress-makers and May Be Copied or Adapted by Them in American Materials.



A Multiple-Beach Costume from Jane Regny. It Begins With a Beach Frock of Heavy Orange Linen. The Hat is a Hat With a Top of the Arms, and Big Beret. Under This Comes a Costume of the Same Linen, Consisting of Shorts, and a Sort of Skeleton Blouse, Which Buttons on to Them. Again Under This is a Bathing Suit of Bright Royal Blue Tricot, Very Decollete in the Back, the Front Piece Coming Round to Tie in a Knot.

ON the Summer beaches of Europe, the contest between the palms of the beach-dress goes merrily on. Devotees of the pique-form like it because it is such a perfect long-sleeved garment, requiring nothing underneath. Advocate of the beach-apron say that this type is more womanly, and much easier to put on and take off. In the Paris collection, both types are to be found, with a third, which is, perhaps, destined this Summer to be the most popular of all. This is the beach costume which consists of bathing suit and some form of shorts. The shorts may be flannel, like a little boy's, of linen, gingham, or even of tricot. Sometimes they are attached to a bodice looking like a little girl's frock; sometimes they make part of a one-piece costume, with a swimming suit taking the place of the blouse.

Something will never than any of these is the adaptation of the "plus fours" for women, which is illustrated in the model from Vera Borea drawn on this page. This began last Summer at St. Tropez, in the form of tricot suits with bloomers instead of skirts, which looked for all the world like the bicycle suits of the Nineties. Borea does here, as you see, in the season's favorite, heavy linen crash, and she adds a band of knitting, like the ribbed top of a stocking, which keeps the plus fours in place without a belt.

The entire mode is full of the combination idea this Summer, costumes consisting of different parts, so that they may be worn for many different occasions and times of the day. This idea has spread to the beach. One sees an example of it in the model from Jane Regny, on this page, which begins with a sort of coat-frock made of heavy linen, the top finished with a cape that covers the tops of the arms. Its skirt is slit up the front, to show the shorts of the same linen, with a skeleton top, which buttons to the bathing suit that is worn underneath. This suit is in

royal blue wool tricot, very simple in form, and very decollete in the back. All French bathing suits are as simple as possible, and they are usually of fairly heavy knitted wool, especially for the Northern beaches, where the water is always chilly. For Monte Carlo and the Riviera generally, the designers are offering suits of gingham, bathed cotton, or linen, but earnest swimmers everywhere find the knitted woolen suit more practical than anything else.

It is often reduced to a minimum, the shortest of shorts, and a mere brassiere top. These tops are sometimes buttoned together, as you see in the model from Patou on this page. All well-planned bathing suits, whether they are in one-piece or in two, should allow for even unbuckling in the back. Nothing looks worse, with evening dress, than lines of white on the tanned shoulders where the straps have been. While actually swimming, you need straps of some sort, of course, to hold the suit in place; but when sunning on the beach, you ought to be able to get them down, or slip them off, so that nothing will break the smooth brown of your back.

Over this striped suit of Patou's, there goes a simple little frock of thin white wool, wrapped over, and buttoned diagonally down the bodice in front. The back is left bare, and you may use a capelet or scarf of bright contrasting color to cover it, if you like, or the ever useful cardigan, like Jane Regny's shown on this page.

On European beaches, many women go bare-headed in the strongest sun. This is one reason for the popularity of the beach frock, which wraps over and over and so does not have to be slipped on over the head, ruffling the

hair. When they do wear hats, however, they are apt to choose a big one. There are new combinations of close fitting crown, and remora or big brim, which are amusing. The crown can be carried in the hand, clipped on, pulled down at an angle of one side, and so guarantee shade over the eyes.

There is a big hat from Molyneux on this page. It is in an open orange straw, and has a double effect, like a pancake on a particularly huge plate. It is also set up on a stiff head-band, like a coiffe hat, and tipped a bit over the eyes in front for shade. Altogether an amusing bit of head gear. There are many versions of the man's fedora, and in its fine paper substitute, quite plain, and with a ribbon band for its only trimming. This is a favorite both with the country suit and with the beach apron. Its brim can be turned down in different directions to shelter one from the light. New beach caps take the form of men's caps, made of the fabric of the frock, and completed with a little visor, sometimes of patent leather. The man-of-war cap has also been adapted for beach wear by Patou and other designers, while Vera Borea fancies a regular coiffe hat in white pique or colored linen, neatly stitched all over.

Vera Borea's Version of "Plus Fours" for Women. This Model Has White Tricot Trousers and a Jacket of Yellow Linen Cut Like a Sweater. The Trousers are Finished at the Top With a Band of Tight Ribbing. Like the Top of a Stocking, to Keep Them in Place, While the Jacket is Buttoned With One of the Rope and Anchor Belts. Under the Jacket is a Bathing Suit of Brown and White Striped Knitted Cotton, With Brown Trunks.

Bathing Suits by Patou for Summer. Above: Contain Beach Costumes. He Shows Both the Fajama and the Beach Frock. His Bathing Suits are Designed for Active Swimmers, in Close Knitting, in Fine Stripes of Red, White and Blue.

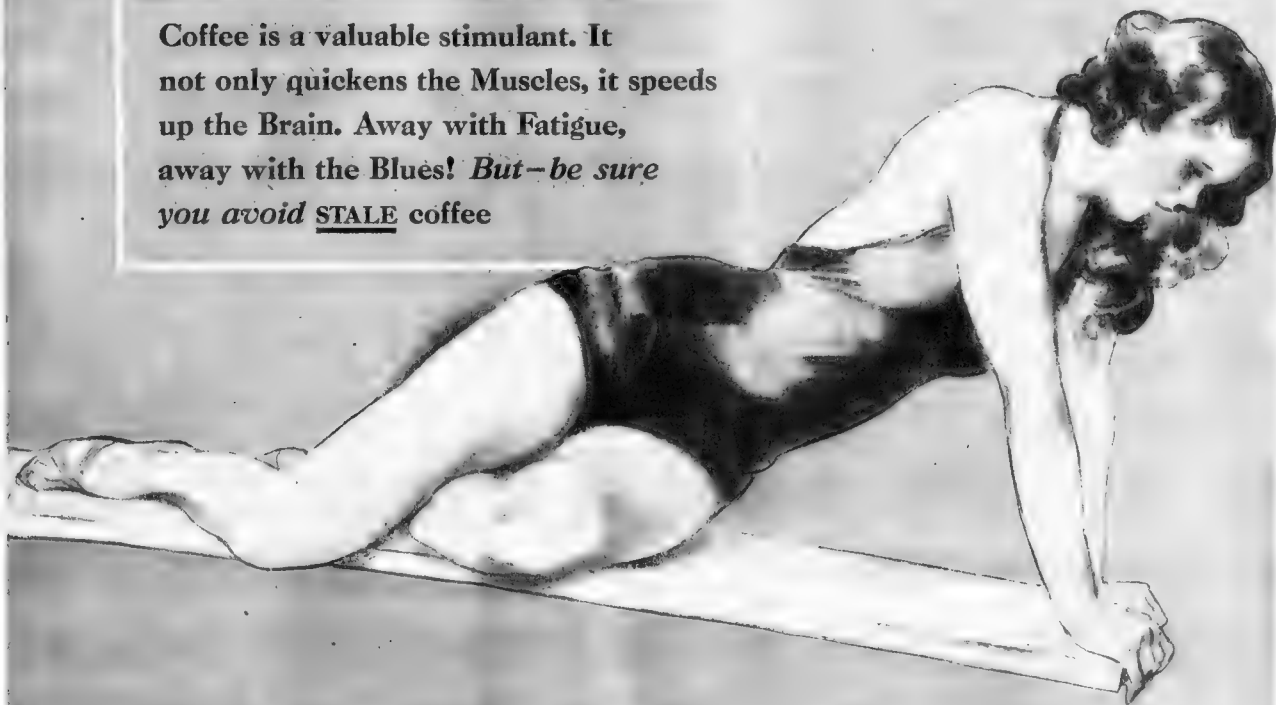


A New Big Hat From Molyneux, Made of Orange Straw. It Has an Immense Flat Brim, on Which a Pancake of the Same Straw is Superimposed. The Hat is Tipped Up in the Back, by a Ribbon Band That Makes It Set Up on the Head, in the Manner of a Japanese Coiffe.

Knitted Bathing Suit in Bright Green Wool. Trimmed With Rows of Hemstitching. Over This a Pair of Shorts in Gray Flannel, Just Like a Little Boy's. They Are Cut, However, With a Shallow Yoke at the Top to Keep Them in Place, and Slightly Slit Up at the Side to Give Greater Freedom of Movement. The Finishing Touch of the Costume is a Knitted Sweater Jacket in the Same Green Wool as the Bathing Suit, Trimmed With the Same Rows of Hemstitching. Made by Jane Regny.

You'll do it better on *DATED* coffee

Coffee is a valuable stimulant. It not only quickens the Muscles, it speeds up the Brain. Away with Fatigue, away with the Blues! *But—be sure you avoid STALE coffee*



FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS, men and women who have been famous in history... soldiers and statesmen, artists and authors... have made liberal use of coffee as a stimulant.

Why, then, do some people think they must deprive themselves of this useful and delicious drink?

SCIENCE uncovered the Facts

Science says people have trouble when they drink stale coffee! Stale coffee contains rancid oil. Nearly half a cupful to the pound. If you keep on drinking stale coffee, you may indeed get indigestion or feel blue or sleep poorly.

But research shows that normal, healthy grown-

ups can enjoy as many as 5 cups of coffee every day if they make sure that it is fresh.

By instituting Dated Coffee, Chase & Sanborn have enabled everyone to stimulate brain and body to their highest pitch—safely.

The date proving its freshness—and full, delicious, rich flavor—is on every pound of Chase & Sanborn's Dated Coffee. Your grocer is not allowed to keep a can of it more than ten days. Order Dated Coffee tomorrow. You'll work, play—do everything better on Dated Coffee.



Recent scientific findings show that the normal, healthy grown-up can drink 5 cups a day of FRESH coffee and enjoy its toning, stimulating effect without the slightest harm.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Rose Charwell, the girl who had been the center of the storm, was now the center of a new one. She had been the first to see the light, and now she was the first to see the darkness. She had been the first to see the light, and now she was the first to see the darkness. She had been the first to see the light, and now she was the first to see the darkness.

CHAPTER XXVII.

D. W. is Intrigued.

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There is Roger. Tiffany Pleaded. "It's not safe for you to be here. The maid happens to be away, but Dave comes out at all hours now."

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Ann, who was waiting for him for hours, knew what Jerome needed. She was waiting for him for hours, knowing what Jerome needed. She was waiting for him for hours, knowing what Jerome needed.

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Be Sure of Your Breath in "Close-ups"



You can Trust Vicks VapoRatone

A Better MOUTH-WASH...at a Big Saving

NO WONDER you can depend on Vicks VapoRatone to check bad breath! This new mouth-wash was developed... after a whole year of research... by the makers of VapoRatone... added by the scientists of their 16 allied organizations, here and in Europe!

It's actually stronger than standard requirements for antiseptics. You can trust it... full-strength or diluted... for all your usual uses! Either way, it's pleasant and safe.

BY MAKERS OF VAPORUB

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY MENU will help solve the what-to-serve problem. Consult it regularly—on next to the last page.

Olive oil protects the youth of your skin

—and it's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

CENTURIES AGO, a beauty secret was discovered that has never been improved upon. The oils of olive and palm were found to be priceless protection to lovely skin. They are still nature's supreme beautifiers—today.

Secretly blended, in Palmolive Soap, they preserve all their rich cleansing qualities. They give you a beauty soap that removes accumulated impurities in gentle safety, without danger of drying the skin.

And those oils—no other fats, whatever—give to Palmolive its natural green color—a color that assures you of supreme mildness, of safety and true beauty protection.

Because Palmolive now costs so little, you can well afford to let it do for your entire body what it does so well for the face.



...The vial at the right shows the exact amount of olive oil we put into each cake

Your daily beauty care. More than 20,000 experts tell you to cleanse skin this way: work a rich, thick lather of Palmolive Soap and lukewarm water into the skin of face, throat and shoulders. Rinse—first with warm water, then with cold. Watch how this renews and refreshes the beauty of your skin.

PALMOLIVE

Social Leader Hires Out as a Servant

(Continued from Double Page)

law—I sat next to a woman who looked tired and discouraged, and who carried a shabby bag. We got into conversation and I learned that she was quitting her place and had no other in view; I can't what you call a fancy cook," she explained, "though I can do the plain things well enough. And don't know nothing about serving. And is that what most of them want. A little dab-dubbery with a lot of passley, and the plates passed."

"Now this here place I'm quitting. It wasn't so bad in some ways, even though I never could get the platter dressed up to suit, which was nonsense anyway, because they wasn't rich enough to put on so much style."

They couldn't even afford to have a carpenter come and fix my window so it would close tight, though I been telling them ever since I been there that I couldn't sleep in no room with the air blowing on me. It gives me the neuritis."

"There is a Santa Claus?" I astonished her by saying.

"Ye'm," she agreed.

My last experience placed me in a home where more than one servant was employed. Mrs. Graham was a handsome woman, and a splendid housekeeper. She spoke of her butler rather nonchalantly. I thought, I wondered if he would have miter chop whiskers and wear the gold lace and other trappings of the movie butler.

While being shown my really nice quarters and the kitchen, I wondered when the butler would put in an appearance. When he finally did, it was after he had divested himself of his chauffeur's uniform. With a flourish he swept up the carved gravel driveway, got down and opened the door for Mr. Graham—a fussy little man in socks and bonds (meaning no face if you see), though after knowing Mrs. Graham better I might have meant it that way. Then Gaston—a light colored, good-natured negro—I wondered whether his parents & Mrs. Graham had so named him divested himself of his chauffeur's uniform, and by donning a white jacket became the butler. Later in the day, in overall, he was Mrs. Graham's gardener. A versatile man, was Gaston.

The lunch was light-very light, I marvelled that Mrs. Graham could do any brain work on such a repast. But perhaps had clerks hired for the brain work.

The dinner that first night looked and smelled delicious. There were chops and baked potatoes for the master's table. There were two artichokes, and a salad of head lettuce with Roquefort cheese dressing. Dessert was Philadelphia ice cream frozen in a miniature freezer which had only two servings. One thin slice of bread was all that was left of the food which went into the dining room.

It still is a question in my mind how Mrs. Graham could keep any help. I was as near starvation those days as I have ever been. She was more than a careful housewife. She was a careful caretaker of her food as well. I don't know how she expected her servants to subsist. Gaston sneaked bacon and eggs and thick slices of bread, and carried them off to his own quarters over the garage. And I feel sure that Mrs. Graham suspected me of being a tremendous bacon and egg eater, from the way she would lift her eyebrows over the egg dish. What she didn't say was more expressive than what she did.

She was lavish in her entertainments. I cooked and Gaston served—one fine dinner, beginning with cocktails and ending with liqueurs. By that time I was so nearly starved that I ate around the edges of the plates that came to the kitchen, where anything was left. That, I had discovered, was one way in which Gaston varied his bacon and egg menus. But on this occasion, when he was busy in the dining room, I took advantage of him. The dinner started with hors-d'œuvre (properly pronounced by Mrs. Graham), then cream of pimiento soup, Guinea hen was the main served, and I sipped a piece of bread in the platter when it was brought out. It was great. By then, what I had had of the hors-d'œuvre, I felt as if I had dined. I passed up the soup, leaving that for Gaston, who ate it standing, in between trips to the dining room. Also, two people did not care for avocados which left one for each of us. There was none of the dessert left, but that didn't matter.

I went to bed with the comfortable feeling of having been a guest at a feast.

"My job at the Graham's," as with some of the others, died before time: died of a combination of circumstances that were stranger than fiction. Had I been trying to invent a situation, I could not have hit upon so neat a one that which cost me my job, but the telegram about Ma's illness did.

It was Thursday—most blessed day in my life to those who labor in it. My husband—who had been away on a business trip who I began my experiment, but I might not have done so had I not met him, and then to meet him in the dining room, and then to see him with a membership. I was thrilled as if I were

CORN PAIN STOPS AT ONCE!

CORN GONE IN 3 DAYS

- Here is the safe, scientific method for removing corns—and by millions of corn sufferers for 35 years.
- It is Blue-Jay—on sale at all druggists for 25c. As soon as a corn appears, put on a Blue-Jay. Pain stops instantly, the corn is gone in 3 days. Safe, gentle, sure.
- Invented by a unit scientist, and made by Bauer & Black, famous surgical dressing house.



BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC BLUE-JAY CORN REMOVER

Write to: Bauer & Black, 200 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. or from local druggists. Send for free booklet and beautiful color leaflet.

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED

TODAY'S FEATURE AL and MAY-Mind Reading Act

Copyright, 1935, H. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

1. I SAW A MAD-VELOUS MENTAL ACT AT THE THEATRE LAST NIGHT.

2. HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED

3. A MAGICIAN CAME DOWN FROM THE STAGE AND GAVE HIM MY WEDDING RING. HIS BUNDOLED-ED ASSISTANT ACTUALLY READ OFF OUR INITIALS AND THE DATE.

4. I SAW A MAD-VELOUS MENTAL ACT AT THE THEATRE LAST NIGHT.

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7. I SAW A MAD-VELOUS MENTAL ACT AT THE THEATRE LAST NIGHT.

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9. A MAGICIAN CAME DOWN FROM THE STAGE AND GAVE HIM MY WEDDING RING. HIS BUNDOLED-ED ASSISTANT ACTUALLY READ OFF OUR INITIALS AND THE DATE.

THE COMPANION MURDERS

(Continued from Page 15)

"Man! Give me time! Tell me that and I'll tell you why he was murdered. Find out why, and you won't be long in finding out who."

"And find out who, I suppose, and you'll tell me how, I will."

"You're darned tootin' I will. Well, hope so. And anything else."

"Yes," Kyne's voice had a sharp, angry ring. "I've got to go back to Ann Michaels' apartment."

"Great day, man! Haven't I told you I went back to get my hat?"

"That's what you told me."

"Well?"

"The captain's ice-blue eyes were narrow slits. He asked very politely: 'You didn't, by some chance, leave your hat there there purpose, did you?'"

"What makes you think that?"

BIG TIME

(Continued from Page 14)

"We're going to have a show down, Tiffany. I can give you all the things Dave Starr can, now—there is now no reason why we shouldn't be together."

"There is," Tiffany said, feroicous of a sudden, her great blue eyes blazing a challenge at him. "Dave Starr can give me the one thing you cannot—and I will not let you ruin it now."

Roger's laugh, cold and mirthless—unlike him—sent a chill through her.

"You shall not say a word to Dave," she panted.

His answer was a rough kick of her unwilling lips. She willed before this new hardness in him. "Roger, promise you'll not say anything to Dave," she cried beseechingly.

"I won't promise anything of the kind," he answered, snatching her rudely to him again, pressing his lips to her throat.

Roger, who never was like this before—no—Roger! she willed hysterically at her inability to control him, trying to push him from her. "Listen to me! Listen to reason!" She slumped suddenly in his arms, her voice trailing away to a whisper, her eyes fixed with a giant sort of horror on the coffee urn. Roger followed him, in the mirror-like surface of the pot, he saw Dave Starr in the door. An electric bolt ran through him. He stroked Tiffany and she ran sobbing from him. The radio whined on.

A weird, animalish growl from Roger's throat. He faced him coolly, his lips set with peculiar static fact as he observed the knotting veins in the older man's temples. Starr's countenance was thunderous.

"Grow, damn you," Roger breathed softly to himself. "I do as you wish. I wait a long time for this."

Starr advanced toward him with the portentous mutterings of a hurricane at sea, swooping upon a ship.

It intoxicated Roger's senses. He welcomed the combat. He would claim Tiffany under Starr's very eyes.

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Good Things for the Porch Party

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Pimento Canapes.
CUT bread in quarter inch slices. Shape with a heart cutter and delicately brown in a little butter. Drain canapes, cut in heart shape pieces to fit bread, and cook gently in a little butter about five minutes.

CORNS
Rain Cane Instantly



Quickly REMOVES CORNS
You will be amazed at the results you get with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. In ten seconds every trace of pain is gone! In a few days the entire corn will be thoroughly loosened, easy to remove. By ending the cause—shoe friction and pressure—these thin, soothing, healing, protective pads prevent corns and blisters and heal sore toes overnight. 100% SAFE!

Slices for Corns, Callouses and Bunions
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are made in special sizes and shapes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Bunions. Get a box today at your drug store, or for every foot trouble there is a specific Dr. Scholl's Zino-pad. Apply once or Remedy.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Patents on the—pains in your feet!

Remove to bread and arrange a narrow border of finely chopped parsley or green peppers.

Sardine Canapes.
HAVE ready desired number of rounds of toast. Pound sardines to a paste and season with a few drops lemon juice and a little capers. Spread evenly on toast. Divide top in three equal sections with narrow strips of pimento. Cover one-third with finely chopped hard cooked egg

white, one-third with finely chopped cucumber pickles and remaining third with sifted hard cooked egg yolk.

Ham Canapes.
CUT thin slices of bread in rounds, triangles, crescents, or any other fancy shape. Spread with softened butter and delicately brown in a little hot butter. Spread with potted ham or cold ham passed through meat grind-

er and pounded smooth. Decorate with shredded hard cooked egg white and arrange a narrow border of chopped green peppers around the edge.

Hors-d'Oeuvres.
THERE are almost as many recipes for the always popular hors-d'oeuvres as there are hostesses in our country. Among many others there are the tiny shreds of toast spread with pate

de foie gras or caviar and garnished with bits of hard cooked egg. There are tiny cups of cucumber, tomato or hard cooked eggs filled with chopped and seasoned sardines, shellfish, etc. There are the tiny curls filled with shredded crab flakes mixed with cheese creamed with anchovy and garnished with fillet of anchovy. The servings must be exceedingly small. They should be arranged on a large platter and garnished with crisp watercress. Among the hors-d'oeuvres that can be bought ready to serve in fancy grocery stores are tiny sardines, deviled meats, olives, anchovies, antipasto, pate de foie gras, caviar, salmon, assorted meunages and imported cheese.

Radish Roses (Garnish).
WASH small round radishes. With sharp knife begin at root and make several incisions through skin. Cut down under the skin as far as incisions. Chill in ice water.

Russian Egg Sandwiches.
PRESS 3 hard cooked eggs through potato ricer. Mix with ¼ cup stiff mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon chili sauce and ¼ teaspoon salt. Spread on thin slices of white or graham bread, cover and press together.

Chicken a la King Sandwiches.
FINELY chop ¼ cup mushrooms and cook 5 minutes in 1 tablespoon butter. Sprinkle with ¼ teaspoon salt. Add 1 cup chopped cold cooked chicken, 2 tablespoons well seasoned thick white sauce, 1 tablespoon minced sweet red pepper, ¼ teaspoon paprika, a dash of cayenne and ½ teaspoon onion juice. Spread between buttered slices of white or graham bread. Serve cold or heated.

Tomato Hors-d'Oeuvres.
CUT choice tomatoes in thick slices. Spread with cream cheese moistened with mayonnaise. Sprinkle with finely chopped onion and garnish with a sprig of parsley.

Animal Sandwiches.
HAVE one loaf graham and 4 one loaf white bread at least 24 hours old. Cut slices about ¼ inch thick. With a small animal cutter cut out animals from each slice. Put the graham bread animals in the holes in the white bread. Put the white animals in the holes in the graham bread. Spread with creamed butter. Put graham bread animal and white bread animal side by side. Press serving platter and garnish with animals made from prunes and marshmallows.

Open Face Sandwiches.
CUT bread with fancy cookie cutters. Spread with creamed butter blended with creamed cheese and seasoned to taste. Decorate with minced parsley, watercress, eggs, olives, or nuts and shredded pimentos. A very pretty sandwich is made with creamed cheese, heated a delicate green garnish with sliced candied cherries. This is often served with frozen fruit cocktail or salad.



PLEASE TORMENT
your dog. They often cause serious skin trouble. They carry worms' eggs that may infect your dog with worms. You can positively treat your dog of all breeds with SERGEANT'S SCRIP-FLEA SOAP or SERGEANT'S SCRIP-FLEA POWDER. These products will kill the worms and ticks.

SCRIP-FLEA POWDER doesn't merely kill the fleas. It kills them quickly, in one flash. It kills them, quickly, in one flash. It kills them, quickly, in one flash. It kills them, quickly, in one flash.

Write for Free "Dog Book"
For your dog's sake, we urge you to write today for a free copy of Sergeant's Dog Book. This book contains all the latest information on dog care and dog medicine. It is a book that every dog owner should have. It is a book that every dog owner should have. It is a book that every dog owner should have.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Bananas with Orange Juice, Creamed Chopped Beef on Toast, Coffee Luncheon Baked Macaroni, Radishes, Golden Corn Sticks, Sour Cream Chocolate Cake, Iced Tea, Dinner Emergency Soup (Left-Overs), Gull Plate Hamsters Balls, Chicken Liver, Beef, Braised Tomatoes and Mushrooms Cape, Spring Fruit Salad, Cheese Straws.	Breakfast Fruit Scrambled Eggs with Mashed Potatoes, Coffee Luncheon Nepine Salad, Watercress and Cheese Sandwiches, Raspberries, Chocolate Cake, Iced Tea, Dinner Whipped Cream, Iced Tea Dinner Pomato Canage, Supper Tiger Supreme, New Potatoes with Parsnips, Bones, Apricots Hollandaise, Radishes, Olives, Sour Cream Chocolate Cake Supper.	Breakfast Cantaloupe, Peaches Eggs on Coffee Luncheon Apricots Soup with Custards, Beans, Parsnips and Nuts Salad, Iced Tea, Dinner Savory Potatoes Buttered Lima Beans, Coffee, Lettuce and Cauliflower with Tomatoes, French Dressing, Hot Roly Poly and String Sauce.	Breakfast Fruit Baked Beans Cranberry Pudding, Coffee Luncheon Lemon Cakes Cocktail Shrimp Fra- Waffles, Egg Sauce, Nuts Cake, Dinner Baked Ham with Parsnips, Parsnips, Potatoes, or Buttered Cauliflower with Spinach, Hearts of Lettuce with Russian Dressing, Cherry or Apple Tarts.	Breakfast Fruit Eggs, Bacon, and Griddle Cakes, Coffee Luncheon (From Store) Jellied Bouillon, Creamed Shrimp in Sauce, Tombles, Potatoes, Pickles, Coffee Dinner Preserved Corned Salad, Graham Rolls, Salad Pears, Candies, Coffee, Dinner (Guests) Braised Lamb, Baked Potatoes, Puff, Corn, Raspberries Sundae.	Breakfast Rice Bacon or Shrimp Bouillon, Plan Omelette, Buttered Rolls, Dinner Fruit Cocktail, Braised Solein Steak, Sweet Corn, Spaghetti Italiana, Sauce, Dinner Bread, Iced Tea, Dinner Steamed Salad, French Dressing, Apricot Pie Supper Lemon Sandwiches, Cherry Jam Sandwiches, Iced Cocoa.	Breakfast Fruit Prepared Cereal Philadelphia Coffee, Cake. Dinner Fruit Cocktail, Braised Solein Steak, Sweet Corn, Spaghetti Italiana, Sauce, Dinner Bread, Iced Tea, Dinner Steamed Salad, French Dressing, Apricot Pie Supper Lemon Sandwiches, Cherry Jam Sandwiches, Iced Cocoa.

American Weekly Patterns



A SMART STYLE (7933). Designed in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 with corresponding bust measures: 33½, 35, 36½ and 38, and 40 and 42. Size 16 will require 3½ yards of 36-inch material.

A SLENDERIZING, ATTRACTIVE TWO-PIECE DRESS FOR THE LARGER WOMAN (7938). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 46 will require 4½ yards of 36-inch material, together with ½ yard of contrasting material.

A PRETTY MORNING DRESS (7932). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 38 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material.

TROUSERS SKIRT FOR LADIES, MISSES AND JUNIORS (7956). Designed in sizes 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37. Size 31 requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material.

LADIES' BLOUSE (7927). Designed in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 38 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

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There is nothing else like food shot from guns—nothing even half so good. By a patented process, the wheat or rice berry is puffed to eight times its size. It is made four times as porous as bread. Yet the coats of the grain are unbroken; the shapes are unaltered. You have simply the magnified grain.

The result is a food that is crisp and inviting—a food that melts in your mouth. The most wholesome and delicious cereal food in existence.



Exact Size of Grain After Being Puffed

Puffed Wheat, 10c—Puffed Rice, 15c

This is the curious process: The whole grain is put into sealed bronze guns. Then those guns are revolved, for forty minutes, in a heat of 550 degrees. The moisture in the grain turns to steam, in that heat, and attains a terrific pressure. Then the guns are fired. Instantly the steam explodes every starch granule into myriads of particles. Thus the kernel of grain is expanded eight times. Yet it remains an unbroken berry, either of wheat or rice.

Exploded by Steam

These foods are the invention of Prof. A. P. Anderson, formerly of Columbia University. His object was to break the millions of starch granules each into myriads of particles. That is the object of all cooking. For these particles must be separated, else the digestive juices can't get to them. But other methods scarcely begin to do this. Many of the granules remain unaffected. Under this method, every starch granule is literally blasted to pieces. The digestive juices act instantly.

Prof. Anderson has created the very ultimate in food. Please order one package of Puffed Grains—do it today—just to hear what the children say.

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

Resinol

Stop Itching Skin

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

"Klutch" Holds FALSE TEETH
Tight—all day

Cuticura OINTMENT
Is reliable for skin troubles. Red, rough skin, sore, itching, burning feet, chafing, chapping, rashes, irritations, cuts and burns, are quickly relieved and healed by applications of Cuticura Ointment. No household should be without it.



Snap out of afternoon **DROWSY TIME**



You yawn. You're tired . . .
And you lag in your work. Take a minute for
an ice-cold Coca-Cola, and bounce back to nor-
mal. • An ice-cold Coca-Cola is more than just
a drink. It's a very particular kind of drink—
combining those pleasant wholesome substances
which foremost scientists say do most in restor-
ing you to your normal self. Really delicious,
it invites a pause — the pause that refreshes.



Refresh yourself
Bounce back to normal